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THE CONFERENCE.

THE faint hopes which had been entertained during the sittings of the Conference have finally disappeared. All the belligerents reject the proposed arbitration, and the war will recommence without delay. Throughout the discussion, the Prussian Government has maintained the same overbearing demeanour which had been exhibited since the commencement of the war. The Court apparently wishes to repeat the easy victories which have been obtained over a weak opponent, and the Minister perhaps prefers war on its own account to a renewal of safe and inglorious squabbles with the harmless patriots of his mock-Parliament. The demand that the frontier of Schleswig should be settled by a popular vote was a practical retraction of the compromise which had been nominally agreed to. Since the device of a nominal appeal to the population was first invented, the result has not in a single instance failed to confirm the previous decision of superior force. A choice of allegiance in districts occupied by Prussian troops meant only simple annexation, and, under the circumstances of the case, the proposal was insincere as well as unjust. It is impossible to believe that the Sovereign whose dominions include Posen accepts the absolute validity of popular suffrage. The scheme was brought forward only to be rejected, perhaps with the collateral purpose of separating England from France. The war with Denmark has hitherto produced both political and military success. The measure which has for the time placed Prussia at the head of Germany has also confirmed the power of BISMARCK in Prussia. Legal right is subserviently silent amid the din of arms, and a daring politician finds a higher excitement in braving the resentment of England than in taunting the petty opponents who periodically exhibit their impotence at Berlin. Although the Government newspapers professedly anticipate an English war, it is probable that the Minister thinks himself secure against the danger which he ostensibly defies. The policy and the motives of Austria are more difficult to comprehend, unless a timid Government is deterred by the fear of Prussian rivalry from a course which might be unpopular in Germany. The Austrian Ministers may possibly hope that, although the war is renewed, there will be little immediate opportunity for active operations.

As the Austrian and Prussian forces hold military possession of Jutland as well as of Schleswig, the easy conquest of Alsace seems to be the only enterprise which can be immediately attempted. After the loss of Duppel, the greater part of the Danish army evacuated the island, and probably no opposition will be offered to the entrance of the Prussians. It remains to defend, with or without extraneous aid, the purely Danish islands, and to profit by actual maritime superiority so far as to blockade the principal German ports. The rupture of negotiations probably implies the final loss of Schleswig, and there is reason to fear that Jutland also may be held as an equivalent for the expenses of the war and for losses at sea. The threat that Denmark will appeal to the revolutionary party throughout Europe is but a confession of helpless weakness. The revolutionists of France are silent under the Empire. German agitators are urging forward their Governments against Denmark, although Italy would not be unwilling to attack Austria. The more valuable support of England might be forfeited by an attempt to convert a national struggle into an interminable war of opinion. Revolutionary movements are sometimes dangerous to Governments, but their promoters are seldom useful auxiliaries in national struggles. War is carried on by regular armies, and all military force is for the present wielded by established Governments. It happens that a large portion of the very province which the Germans are wresting from Denmark approves of the proposed transfer of allegiance. It will be a sufficient anomaly if England interferes to suppress a partially national insurrection; but it would be still more strange that the party which pro-

fesses the universal advocacy of popular rights should commence its operations by undertaking, in Schleswig, the championship of legitimate authority and of treaties.

By an unfortunate series of accidents or mistakes, the renewal of the war in Denmark has become a subject of painful anxiety and hesitation in England. The Ministerial communications on Monday will probably be followed by a Parliamentary trial of strength, and perhaps by a change of Government; but the question of peace or war is far more interesting than the fate of the Ministry, and unfortunately it is impossible to form a decision which will not be unsatisfactory. The duty of protecting Denmark was originally not more incumbent on England than on France and Russia, and the friendship which prompted the tender of advice and good offices cannot be said necessarily to entail any ulterior obligation. On the other hand, it may be admitted that, during the whole course of the negotiations, the Danes have to a certain extent been misled, though rather by Parliamentary speeches and newspaper articles than by official communications. No former political complication has been so largely caused by the indiscretion of those who affected to speak in the name of England. The judicious warnings to Denmark with which Lord RUSSELL interspersed his reproofs of German ambition were neutralized by noisy and ignorant declamation, and sometimes by indiscreet Ministerial utterances. It is not surprising that the Danes should have been deeply disappointed when they found themselves left alone in their unequal contest; yet it is the duty of responsible Governments to regard substantial interests and imperative duties, and not to regulate their policy by the expectations or remonstrances of others. A war against Germany would be obviously inconsistent with the traditional policy of England, nor is it possible that it could produce any material advantage. Intervention can only be justified by wider considerations of expediency, and by the adoption of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's generous and questionable doctrine that nations are bound, like private persons, to prevent, at their own risk, the infliction of injury on the weak. It is undoubtedly desirable that small States should be protected against the cupidity of their powerful neighbours, but a great war is a costly contrivance for preventing the establishment of an objectionable precedent. As a matter of calculation, it would not be worth while to fight Germany for the purpose of obviating the contingent necessity of defending Belgium against France. The police of Europe is entrusted to the Great Powers, but not to one of their number acting alone. The invasion of Denmark is not so iniquitous as the French occupation of Spain by the Duke of ANGOULÊME; yet subsequent opinion has unanimously approved the decision of Lord LIVERPOOL's Government to remain passive rather than encounter the whole force of the Holy Alliance, which then used France as its instrument. No reasonable politician has doubted that LOUIS PHILIPPE acted wisely in 1840 when he dismissed the warlike Minister who would have defied the decision of the remaining Great Powers in the Syrian dispute. It would have been well for the fame as well as for the prosperity of the Emperor NICHOLAS if he could have prevailed on himself to display similar moderation in 1853. At present, Austria and Prussia are actively engaged on the side opposed to English policy, while France and Russia remain obstinately neutral. It is allowable to lament the dissolution or interruption of the European concert, without appropriating to England the dangerous honour of redressing the wrongs of the world.

Those who doubt the entire justice of the quarrel may claim the support of the zealous advocates of Denmark, when they insist on excluding from the grounds of decision the idle rumours and political babble of the Continent. It is not perhaps pleasant to be daily assured that, in the coffee-houses of Paris and Berlin, consentaneous gossip proclaims with its thousand voices that the reputation of England has never sunk so low as now. Backwardness to interfere by arms is

interpreted as an abdication of the highest rank in Europe; nor are volunteer counsellors slow to observe that timidity invites neglect and insult. It is perfectly true that a pugnacious Government enjoys for the time a diplomatic advantage, nor can it be doubted that, since the Polish correspondence of last year, Continental Governments calculate with a certain confidence on the peaceable inclinations of England. The permanent influence, however, of a Great Power is but slightly and transiently diminished by any temporary course which it may adopt, or by the misapprehension to which it may be exposed. Its importance depends on its finances, on the warlike aptitude of its population, and on a political organization which, in case of need, places all the national resources at the disposal of the Government. The statesmen of the Continent are perfectly aware that the pacific policy of England neither causes nor indicates any decline in material strength. If any doubt exists as to the possibility of a formidable reaction, the recent experience of the Crimean war sufficiently proves that, for ideas of a certain kind, the English nation is capable of unanimous action. When contemporary Governments affected not to recognise the French Republic, it was answered with becoming pride that "the sun shines, though the blind may fail to see it." The idle talk of foreign capitals, reverberated by angry newspaper correspondents, in no degree diminishes the weight of England in the European system. At the present moment the turbulent ambition of Prussia is not less dangerous to the general peace because in 1850 and 1853 FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. crouched tamely at the feet of Russia. A more conscientious Government may be at least equally secure of the same immunity from contempt, if it perseveres, regardless of clamour, in the determination not to do wrong, and to suffer wrong only to a limited extent. The Prussian Government may be well assured that English patience is not inexhaustible.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

SOME years ago, when wise and patriotic Frenchmen conceived the hope of reforming the Empire by acquiescing in it, and of accepting the dynasty on the condition of its allying itself sooner or later with such political freedom as is possible in France, they saw clearly and saw distinctly that the Conseil-Général was the true theatre of action. There, no violent opposition to the ruling authorities is possible. The members of the Council have not to debate questions of European interest. They have not to speculate on the resources of Mexico, or on the possibility of making a successful war against Russia. They have simply to attend to local affairs, to see how their own money and that of their neighbours is spent, and to discuss what improvements will most benefit the properties in which they are interested, and the poor whom they are concerned to befriend. They fulfil very much the same functions which are attributed to magistrates in Quarter Sessions in England, except that they have no criminal jurisdiction. Obviously, if local independence is the surest antidote to a centralized despotism, here is the true region of local independence. If men of property can but be brought together to discuss fairly and honestly what is the best measure to be taken in behalf of a particular neighbourhood—and if they can but be imbued with sufficient self-respect to stick to their opinion although *Préfets* and *Sous-Préfets* are against it and darkly hint the wrath of the Minister of the Interior, as of an angry Pagan god, if it is adopted—they have made a great step to that local independence which is the most trustworthy and the most permanent bulwark against a universal tyranny. For the last seven or eight years the battle of election for these Councils has been fought with varying success. The Government has shown itself strong enough to have its way as a general rule, but there have always been exceptions, and no occasion has been suffered to pass by without the election of many men who are far too independent to please the thoroughgoing Imperialists. The consequence is, that this provincial war is even fiercer now than it was some time ago. The Government grows more and more determined to fill up the lists of the Council with ready and reckless supporters who will stick by it at all hazards. Even decent, respectable, steady-going Imperialists are now set aside, and have to give way to a younger and fiercer generation. The State borrows from the Ultramontanes its notions of discipline. For the Jesuits, it is not enough that a man is a devout Catholic; he must be a Catholic without a soul or an opinion of his own, a believer in the temporal power as fervently as in Revelation, a tool and a spy of the great legion of spiritual tyrants. To vote in these provincial elections,

the Government is not satisfied with the mere passive or negative virtues. A man does not commend himself because he has never opposed the Government, and is always ready to lend it a reasonable and moderate support. He must be its votary, its servant, its defender at all costs and at all hazards. The EMPEROR, or those who act in his name, seem to be tired of the appeal to the "old parties" which was once made. The experiment made in the Corps Législatif has not proved quite as satisfactory as could be wished. And although some latitude must be allowed at the centre of affairs, and it may be useful to encourage some expression of opinion at Paris, nothing but harm can come, it is thought, from local independence; and the word has gone forth to throw aside every scruple, and employ every art, in order that the public opinion of the provinces may be controlled by friends on whom the adherents of the EMPEROR can thoroughly rely.

In order to accomplish its main purpose, the Government has had to make concessions in a quarter where it is perfectly aware that every concession is dangerous. The Empire has had once more to bribe the priests, and M. RENAN has been the scapegoat. As he was not allowed to lecture publicly, and as he is still allowed to lecture privately, it might seem as if it made no great difference whether he still retained the Chair of Semitic Languages, or whether, as has now happened, he had to make way for a Jew. But the priests are furious against M. RENAN. He has challenged them, and they know that throughout every department of France this challenge is watched with the deepest interest. To discredit him, to annoy him, to make him angry, seemed, therefore, a most desirable object of exertion; and if he could but be got to dislike being turned out of his chair, and if the EMPEROR, who is known to befriend him, could be forced to offer him a public indignity, then the trumpets might be blown in Zion, and there might be a general clerical rejoicing. This was the calculation, and it has succeeded. In order to get the support of the priests at the provincial elections, M. RENAN has been turned out of his chair. That he should be denied the power of lecturing does not strike us as very harsh or indefensible considering what France is—that there is little more liberty of worship there than there is in Thibet, or the Tyrol, or Exeter Hall, and that a real difficulty always exists as to the degree of protection that ought to be afforded to a religion which has once been declared the religion of the State. But although it is not much that M. RENAN should have been obliged to cultivate the Semitic languages in silence, it is impossible not to attach some importance to the time and manner in which he has been finally deprived of his chair. He has been turned out, not because he is a greater heretic than he used to be, but because the provincial elections were coming on in France, and the Government attached this year more than ordinary importance to succeeding in these elections. It is not to be supposed that the Government either hopes or intends to ally itself permanently with the clergy. It knows perfectly well that the clergy hate the Empire, but hope to make use of it, just as in its turn the Empire wishes to get the benefit of clerical support without paying too dear a price for it. The clergy may be willing to help in a particular election, although they may also be biding their time, and may live in hope of sweeping away those who now assist it into ruin. After the elections are over, the Government and the clergy will once more stand face to face—the former hesitating whether it has most to lose or gain by going energetically against Ultramontanism, and the latter hoping alternately to flatter and bully until they arrive at their destined end.

That the Government has in the main succeeded in these elections, that many of its lukewarm supporters have been replaced by more uncompromising friends, can scarcely be doubted. The clergy may not be very hearty in their support, but they have not refused to pay the price on which the Government has been led to reckon. Some of the chief towns have returned opponents of the Government, but Duke PERSIGNY has probably succeeded with his rustics. Yet although the Empire may have won in the contest on which it has entered, the remarkable thing is that it still has a contest to undergo. It does not make much way. It conciliates only the aid of those who do not think this aid will be long given. And there is as much uncertainty in France as to what will follow the Empire as there was six or seven years ago. No one has any immediate idea of a Revolution, and the EMPEROR has a life which seems more precious than ever. No one likes to face, even in thought, the speculation what would replace the Empire if the reins of Government were let loose. But, on the other hand, the Empire as an institution does not gain strength. It does not inspire a belief in its durability. Over and over again there is the same contest to wage, and there are the

same foes to meet. There are those who wish for local independence, and for that larger liberty to which local independence must lead; and there are those who wish to sweep away all lay government at a blow, and to rear up a clerical autocracy on the ruins. The Empire has long tried to set the adherents of provincial independence against the adherents of clerical supremacy, and hitherto it has done this with much success. But although it has divided in order to rule, and has used the divergencies of French opinions to its profit, it has not been able to prevent the growth of both the influences to which it is opposed. There is much more attention paid to these provincial elections than there used to be; and the Government has to work harder in order to succeed. It has to discard adherents with whose zeal it used formerly to be perfectly satisfied. On the other hand, the clerical party is fiercer, more audacious, more arrogant, and much more widely supported than it used to be, and it gives the EMPEROR more and more clearly to understand that it distrusts him, and only supports him because there is no one for the moment who can better serve its purpose. The Empire is quite alive to its dangers, and has calculated that, at this particular crisis, the support of the clergy is more easily and cheaply purchased than the support of the Liberal party in the provinces. But the Government is perfectly aware that the Ultramontane party is almost more dangerous as a friend than as a foe, and it will therefore soon have to plunge once more into the abyss which opposition to this party opens to it. In the main, and in spite of all appearances, the true sympathies and the true policy of the EMPEROR do not lie in the direction of the clerical party. But the system of Imperialism is too remote from liberty to permit him to avail himself of the strength which lies in the centres of local independence; and so he and his Government are always swaying backwards and forwards, and France is still as unable as ever to conjecture its future.

THE LAST OF THE ALABAMA.

CAPTAIN SEMMES will scarcely have earned the gratitude of his own Government by his chivalrous rashness. The *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* were far less unequally matched than the respective naval forces of the belligerents. When the two great Border champions of Chevy Chase fell by one another's hands, the King of ENGLAND, according to the patriotic ballad-writer, trusted that he had within his realm five hundred men as good as PERCY. If the *Kearsarge* had been lost, the Federal dockyards could have supplied many ships as powerful; while the Confederacy, like the Scottish KING in his lament for DOUGLAS, had but one *Alabama*. The decisive combat of last Sunday has added largely to the value of American shipping in all parts of the world, and the news will be received throughout the Union with an exultation which would scarcely be surpassed if GRANT succeeded in taking Richmond. The deliberate offer and acceptance of a challenge to a duel is almost unprecedented in warfare, and the admiration which is sometimes felt for romantic daring is largely qualified by doubts as to the wisdom of quixotic adventures. If one combatant has reason to seek a trial of strength, it is generally not the interest of his adversary to gratify his desire. The strategy of the sea is, indeed, comparatively simple; but a captain of a ship, like a general, ought to fight only for some definite object. If Captain SEMMES had been at liberty to consult only his personal wishes, his motive for fighting the *Kearsarge* would have been perfectly intelligible. No more conclusive answer could have been given to the slanderous assertion that he was a pirate or a privateer, for pirates never attack except when booty is to be gained, and privateers fight only under compulsion. The engagement with the *Kearsarge* goes far to prove that the ravages inflicted on American commerce by the *Alabama* were acts of legitimate warfare, designed to cripple the enemy's resources, and not merely to benefit the captor; and Captain SEMMES and his officers are entitled to respect as gallant and patriotic servants of their country. Of the English crew it can only be said that they were true, to their adopted flag, and that, like the seamen of former times, they were as ready for a desperate combat, without the prospect of gain, as for the pursuit of plunder. The irregularity of their proceedings may be condoned, as the Federal navy also is largely manned by Englishmen.

The incidents of the combat will be interesting to the numerous speculators on gunnery, shipbuilding, and naval tactics. Although the *Kearsarge* had no iron plates, the cables which were judiciously passed round some portion of her hull served the same purpose, with the additional advantage of deceiving the adversary. Her armament was

superior both in number of guns and in weight of metal, and her crew was somewhat more numerous. The *Alabama* was perhaps swifter than her adversary, and it seems that she trusted to her speed; but the *Kearsarge* was, for some unexplained reason, able to keep up a greater pressure of steam, and consequently to determine the distance between the combatants. The guns of the *Alabama* were more rapidly served, but the fire of the *Kearsarge* told with fatal effect. The action was highly creditable to both parties, and the victory was fairly won. It was previously known that the *Kearsarge* was in the highest state of discipline, and that the captain and officers did credit to the American service; and, on the other hand, the veteran crew of the *Alabama* had abundant reason for confidence in their commander, and in the vessel in which they had traversed every sea. Although conduct and courage are still as indispensable as in former times, it seems that the fate of naval battles will henceforth depend almost exclusively on mechanical causes. The contest will be between iron projectiles and iron armour, and the result will become a matter of calculation. Boarding has perhaps already become obsolete, and a cannonade at close quarters would be immediately fatal to one or both of the combatants. The *Alabama* was well adapted for the service in which she was principally employed, but her wooden sides were too weak for a regular action. It will still be necessary for naval Powers to build fast cruisers for the police of the seas, but formal hostilities will be confined to ironclads large enough to carry the heaviest guns.

The oddity of a naval engagement conducted like a mediæval tournament is enhanced by the recent appearance of one of the champions in the character of an international lawyer. The charges which Captain SEMMES prefers against the English Government have lost much of their interest by the disappearance of the *Alabama* from the seas. The alleged right of selling prizes in neutral ports would now, even if it were conceded, possess little value, as there will henceforth be no prizes to sell. The claim itself, though it may naturally have seemed irresistible to the captain of the *Alabama*, is altogether untenable. It is no objection to an equal rule that it may happen to operate unequally. The conduct of an impartial neutral can scarcely affect two belligerents in the same manner, unless their condition is precisely the same. As a general rule, every prohibition or refusal of a facility is chiefly injurious to the party which, in default of indigenous resources, is more dependent upon foreign aid. If a traveller, on his arrival at a town at midnight, finds the inn closed, no hardship is inflicted on a resident who has a house of his own. The stranger may complain of the inhospitality of the landlord, but not of his partiality to his townsman who requires no accommodation. The decision of the English Government to refuse admission to all prizes was formed, not for the purpose of giving the belligerents equal advantages, but to avoid all collision with either the Federal or the Confederate Government. In practice, Captain SEMMES and his countrymen would have reaped the exclusive benefit of a laxer policy, if it had been found possible to stretch the rules of maritime law so far as to transfer the property of the prizes to the captors. As, however, the condemnation could only have been pronounced in the Confederate Courts, it is not altogether certain that the decrees could have been executed by sale in neutral harbours; and if the difficulty had been overcome, it is probable that the Government of the United States might have resented by a declaration of war the countenance which would have been afforded to the Confederate cruisers. No consideration of national honour or duty made it incumbent on the English Government to provoke a rupture. The right of asylum belongs to exiles and fugitives, and not to those who are successfully enforcing the extreme rights of war. If the privileges which Captain SEMMES claims for the Confederate cruisers were conceded, to the disadvantage of England, by a neutral in any future war, they would be regarded as acts of hostility.

American politicians and English partisans of their cause have stigmatized the career of the *Alabama* as piratical because Captain SEMMES adopted the only alternative which enemies and neutral Powers had left him. If he was to prosecute hostile operations without a market in which he could sell his prizes, he had no choice but to burn them. It was idly objected that, by destroying the ships of the enemy before legal condemnation, he constituted himself judge in his own cause, though it could scarcely be said that he procured any benefit to himself. It ought to have been understood that, except where the interests of neutrals are involved, the sentence of an Admiralty Court affects only the relations between a captor and his own Government. An enemy has no standing before the tribunal, even where his ship has been taken or sunk

without any public authority. It is the duty of regular cruisers to take or destroy every vessel which sails under the hostile flag; and even an ordinary master of a merchantman is entitled to use similar force, though a commission or a letter of marque is necessary to establish his claim to a prize. Captain SEMMES has never been accused of molesting neutral commerce, nor has he burnt any ship which, if the case had been brought before a Confederate Court, could have resisted a decree of condemnation. The irritation which was caused by his long-continued success is intelligible, and to a certain extent excusable, but lawyers and public writers may fairly be expected to discontinue their misrepresentations now that the original cause of grievance has been removed. The duty of roaming the seas in pursuit of defenceless merchantmen is perhaps invidious, but the officers and crew of the *Alabama* have proved beyond dispute that they were not influenced by any unwillingness to engage an equal or superior enemy. To Englishmen the destruction of the vessel will not be a subject of regret. It was not desirable that a chronic cause of dissension should continue to endanger the continuance of peace with the United States; and the preposterous pretensions of the American Government by no means proved that the escape of the *Alabama* from the Mersey was regular or venial. The dispute will perhaps now be allowed to drop, to the great relief of writers of despatches and of commentators on international law. The famous cruiser has redeemed a questionable origin by a brilliant end.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLAND.

THE whole Continental press has been assuring us that England has lost, or is fast losing, her influence abroad; and as even the friends of England on the Continent, and diplomatists who are supposed to know the whole truth, join in the assurance of the popular organs, we must suppose it to be in some measure true, and may naturally ask ourselves what this influence is, and why we should care whether we lose it or not. We may remark, however, at the outset, that we are not quite so sure as the Continentals seem to be that this influence, whatever may be its worth, is lost as yet. We are inclined to think that the Germans, having a traditional respect for, or fear of, the two Western nations, and having been accustomed for many years to see England and France on most occasions acting together, have come to consider that the influence of both is of the same kind and exerted in the same way. And yet what happened last year in the case of Poland might serve to show that there is a difference. France went very far towards helping Poland. She acknowledged the special claim which Poland had on her, and avowed the extreme sympathy with which the vast majority of Frenchmen regarded the Polish cause. But when England declined to go to war for Poland, France declined also, thinking the enterprise too dangerous, and the probable results inadequate to the risk. And yet France did not lose her influence on the Continent, and the reason is obvious. She did not fight for Poland; but that is no reason for concluding that she will not fight at once, and almost without notice, whenever the EMPEROR pleases. France is powerful because she has an immense army, which can be sent anywhere at the bidding of a single man. A great variety of small questions are constantly being settled on the Continent by the mere announcement of the wishes of France. Those who are commanded obey, because they know that, if they decline, an overpowering force may be sent against them within a week. It ought also, in justice to the present Empire, to be said that France is powerful now, not only because she can strike swiftly and surely, but because, in the position she takes up, she allies herself to causes that have a great share of the popular sympathies of Europe; and there is sure to be plenty of applause if France strikes, or, as in the cases of Spain and the Principalities, gets what she wants by merely threatening to strike. But the influence of England is necessarily different. We cannot go into a war at a moment's notice. We have to make ourselves sure, after our fashion, that the cause we espouse is just, that it is worth fighting for, and that we have a reasonable hope of defending it successfully. We must have the whole matter argued in two Houses of Parliament, in thousands of papers, in tens of thousands of tap-rooms, Temperance-halls, and assembly-rooms. We keep a Foreign Secretary who, according to the traditions of his office, must do a great deal of composition, must address all the Great Powers, and express wonder, and regret, and abhorrence, and make remarks, threats, and appeals to good feeling, and to the universal desire for the balance of power. All this takes time, and it is only

by degrees that the current of popular feeling is ascertained, that the cost of the struggle is counted, and the direction of duty determined. English influence can never really be dependent on any swiftness of striking. Such as it is, it must be in harmony with the exigencies of Parliamentary Government, and with the habits of a generous and a quick-feeling, but also of a rich, a cautious, and an arguing people.

The influence of England means simply the expectation which foreigners entertain that England will act in a certain way; and it is a strong influence, because the way in which England is expected to act is generally a just and equitable way, and also because it is expected that, if England acts at all, she will act with great vigour and strength, will not give in soon, and will cling to her work until she has got a large portion of what she meant to get. Both these expectations may be held to be well-founded, in spite of many examples that might be quoted to disprove them. In old days we have done very questionable things for our own advantage; and very often, at the outset of a war, from our hatred of war and our unwillingness to light up the biggest fireworks at the beginning of the performance, we have set to work in a sufficiently absurd way. We send ten thousand men to the Mediterranean to check the whole force of Russia, or we send our fleet to go parading about the Baltic without hurting anybody. Remembering our former errors, the Continentals think us hypocrites when we now profess to have none but just and self-denying aims; and they forget that, if we begin war coldly and tamely, we soon warm into the work. The Germans are now assuring each other in every one of their journals that we shall do no more to hurt them than just blockade a port or two, which has got no trade already, and was long ago blockaded by the Danes. But we may be sure that if this were the true and the habitual feeling of foreigners to England, if they thought that England was really perfidious and looked only to her own advantage, and that we should always keep ten thousand men at Gallipoli, or always cruise about the Baltic and Adriatic in a friendly and solemn way, there would be no influence for England to lose. It is because England has a policy, however vague and difficult to apply it may be, and because, if pushed very hard, England will at last fight to the death for her policy, that we have an influence the extent of which may be judged by the eagerness of the whole Continental world to assure us that it no longer exists. England is a Conservative and, at the same time, a Liberal Power, abroad as well as at home. She has no anxiety for great changes, and likes to find constituted authorities with whom she may deal. But when she deals with them, she wishes to promote the triumph of what she thinks good and right. She wishes to discountenance flagrant wrongs, to prevent the triumph of brute force, to foster material prosperity, to encourage exports and imports, to keep men to their promises and agreements. She is thus led into her great weakness—that of giving moral advice and encouragement where she cannot give material assistance. But still, as it is uncertain how far the material assistance of England can go, we often frighten remote wrongdoers into repentance when we could really do them very little harm if they persevered. And the consequence is that the influence of England is, on the whole, very beneficial in the world. It tends to maintain the general peace; it encourages the weak and the oppressed, even if it often disappoints them; it puts an obstacle in the way of ambition, and it makes many men richer, and some happier and better, than they would otherwise be.

Englishmen are quite aware that the basis of this influence is their willingness to fight, and that if they wish their country to raise her voice for what they conceive to be justice, they must never shrink from backing up justice with Armstrong guns. The only question is, when ought the fighting to begin? And as to this it must be owned that the nation is rather capricious, and is easily led by any statesman in whom it places confidence. Sometimes it very soon comes to the conclusion that a war is necessary, and sometimes it seems only to go to war because it cannot refute the case which a Minister chooses to set up. In most instances, the last determining cause appears small, and hasty observers wonder how it is that so little a matter can provoke so great a conclusion. But this must almost always happen when it is the habit of a nation to drift, as it is said, into a war. Drifting into a war is only a term used by those who disapprove of a particular war, to express what those who approve of it call entering into a war deliberately and with proper circumspection. We go drifting on until we have made up our minds, and this drifting is a necessary consequence of Parliamentary Government, unless, as in the case of the *Trent*, there happens to be some outrage which wounds the

nation to the quick. There is no other way of keeping up that influence which England has enjoyed for some time throughout the Continent—and it may be said throughout the world—as a Power trying to keep things straight, to back up justice, and to foster the sort of freedom prized in England, except that of drifting, or going gently and deliberately, into war. But there is the alternative of abandoning this influence, of leaving other men to harass and cheat and bully each other as much as they like, and merely standing on the defensive. We might withdraw altogether from our place as a great European Power, and leave the Continent to manage itself, giving it clear notice that we mean to have nothing more to do with it. We should then never advise, or help, or threaten, or fight unless we ourselves were attacked. Perhaps other European nations could not do this very easily, but we could do it, because we inhabit an island, and have a very powerful navy. If we could but keep our own people quiet, we might sit quite still and see the map of Europe remodelled, weak Powers blotted out, the rising prosperity of nations nipped in the bud, and civilization thrown back for a century. But we should be safe; and if we did not apprehend that the moral character of Englishmen would deteriorate by this abnegation of what they have long looked upon as duties, or if we could assure ourselves that nations really have no moral duties, we could accumulate Armstrong guns round our coast, and give our influence to the winds. The thing we cannot do is to retain our influence, supposing we wish for it, unless, at some period of our drifting, we drift every now and then into war and not into peace.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

THE ex-rebel and patriot who has just terminated a remarkably useless life in harmless obscurity was not devoid of qualities which have always been recognised as mitigating the censure due to legal and even moral criminality, and which partially redeemed from contempt a career presenting an unusually broad mark to ridicule. Though technically a felon and traitor, and really a mischievous and conceited monomaniac, the late Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN never utterly forfeited the esteem of his contemporaries; and though one of the weakest and silliest of men that ever claimed to act a part in history, he was at no time altogether despicable. In fact, paradoxical as it may seem, it would not be difficult, without the slightest deviation from literal accuracy, to construct a very tolerable panegyric on the character of a man whose life from first to last was an absurd and dismal mistake, whose mediocre abilities would never have excited notice but for the stupendous vanity which accompanied them, and whose solitary service to his country was that he exhibited treason and insurrection in a ludicrous point of view. He was unquestionably sincere, disinterested, and, according to his very feeble lights, patriotic. He had the feelings and principles, as well as the education, of a gentleman, and was wholly incapable of a mean or sordid act. As an agitator, he devoutly believed in the delusions which he propagated; and as a rebel, he risked his life by the side of the miserable peasants who formed his extremely ragged regiment. He never made a trade of patriotism; he never sent round the hat; and while his most prominent coadjutors found sedition a good paying business, SMITH O'BRIEN staked and lost property and position in a cause which he had persuaded himself to regard as that of his country. There was always a certain chivalrousness about the man. It is recorded of him that, a few days before the campaign which began and ended at Ballingarry, he was all but deposed from the command by a rebel council of war, because (rather absurdly, by the way) he would not "tarnish the fair fame of an ancient family by having recourse to plunder and robbery" to maintain his army that was to be. Again, at the most critical moment of the cabbage-garden fray, he is said to have gone on his knees to dissuade his followers from burning a party of police in their extemporized fortress. Such anecdotes are often more or less apocryphal, but there can be no doubt that SMITH O'BRIEN was a humane and gentlemanlike rebel, and wished as far as possible to make his revolution with rose-water. When he stood in the dock as a traitor, he received with entire composure a sentence which he had every reason to suppose would be punctually carried into effect; and he would, in all probability, have encountered with dignity a fate which he had undeniably merited. It may be confidently assumed that no earthly consideration would have tempted him to purchase, by any concession which he deemed degrading, the mercy which was extended to him by the

Crown. In exile, he honourably distinguished himself from his less scrupulous companions by refusing to snatch freedom at the expense of his parole; and he would, we doubt not, have lived and died a convict rather than seek a favour from the Government which ultimately pardoned him. Altogether, the descendant of BRIEN BOROHME had a sort of regality about him which marked him off from the mercenary or bloodthirsty patriots with whom an unkind destiny associated him. Intellectually, he was a very poor creature; as a political guide and leader of men, he was an incapable simpleton; but he had at least a full average share of the moral qualities which, when found in conjunction with common sense, claim the respect and admiration of mankind.

What was really wonderful about a character which otherwise offers little to invite or repay the labour of psychological analysis was a vanity which approached the preternatural. For a man who had had the benefit of the best education that England has to give, and whom twenty years in the House of Commons might have taught to take the measure of his own abilities, there is something astounding in the dull, stolid audacity with which he uniformly thrust himself into positions for which he was ludicrously unfit, and assumed responsibilities which he had not a single qualification, natural or acquired, for creditably discharging. Without a particle of oratorical talent, he set up for a demagogue; and, with the profoundest ignorance of the art and science of war, he headed an armed insurrection against the British Empire. He was cased in a perfect rhinoceros hide of self-conceit on which no amount of ridicule, remonstrance, or censure could ever make the faintest impression. Whether defying, in his coal-cellar, the despotism of a Saxon Speaker, or parading with his little army in the little battle-field of Ballingarry, with his girdle stuck full of pistols and the national pike for his marshal's baton, he was sublimely unconscious of the absurdity of his mock heroics. It was the same happy impenetrability of cuticle that enabled him, on one memorable Parliamentary night, to tell the House of Commons to its face how it only rested with him to make Ireland a free and independent Republic (with or without a French auxiliary army), and how the British Empire had better come to terms with him before it was too late. He retained to the last that fanatical insensibility to the opinion of mankind which is sometimes mistaken for moral courage, but which is, in truth, sheer stupidity. Failure, disaster, and disgrace never made the smallest difference in his judgment of himself. Nothing could be more curiously wide of the truth than the assertion of a contemporary, that "SMITH O'BRIEN returned from exile a wiser man." It is true that he did not, on revisiting a country which had forgotten him, feel encouraged to reappear in the character of a professional sedition-monger; but we are unfortunately precluded from supposing that he had learned in adversity to form a wiser and juster estimate of his exceedingly limited capacities. On the contrary, perhaps the most stupendously absurd act of his life was committed only a year or two back, when he obligingly tendered his services as mediator to the American belligerents, and undertook to arrange, on the shortest notice, terms of amicable separation between the Northern and Southern Republics. This may probably be pronounced an absolutely unique specimen of cool, quiet, serene, self-possessed assurance. The very last public incident of his career, though certainly not up to this mark, was curiously characteristic of the man. The indulgent and pardoned rebel—who never, by the way, showed the smallest delicacy about denouncing and vilifying the Government which had spared his forfeited life—thought it uncommonly hard that a certain conveyance of his estates to family trustees, which he had executed in 1848 to avert forfeiture to the Crown, should remain in force a day longer than suited his convenience. It struck him as the most natural thing in the world that he should be reinstated on demand in the position of an independent landed proprietor, which, for excellent reasons, he had voluntarily renounced; and a Saxon Court of Chancery was called upon to rescind or modify in his favour a little arrangement made by himself in contemplation of rebellion against a Saxon Government. On the whole, we should say that Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN was endowed beyond all other mortals with that imperturbable self-complacency which makes a man equal to himself in all fortunes. Though his career, judged by ordinary standards, is melancholy enough, we can quite believe that his life was really a happy one. We do not imagine that a shade of self-reproach or self-distrust ever crossed his mind at any moment of his existence, and we think it exceedingly probable that his proudest and happiest hours were those when he was most conspicuously meriting the pity or the ridicule of mankind.

It may be regarded as a remarkable example of the compensatory arrangements of Providence that an eminently feeble and foolish person should have committed so many absurd mistakes and gone through so many disastrous and humiliating experiences, and yet preserved to the last an unbounded confidence in the solidity of his own judgment and the uniform propriety and wisdom of his own actions.

It is a pleasing belief that no man lives quite in vain, and we may be permitted to hope that the otherwise wasted existence of a politician who invariably failed in all that he attempted, who never originated a rational idea or promoted a useful undertaking, may nevertheless have left a legacy of good to mankind. The memory of the cabbage-garden rebellion may be said to constitute SMITH O'BRIEN's contribution to the general sum of human welfare; and we are inclined to regard it as very far indeed from being entirely valueless. It is something for an Irish patriot to have surrounded the notion of sedition and treason with ludicrous associations, and it is not impossible that the absurdity of the Ballingarry business may exercise a salutary effect on the minds of more than one generation of Irishmen. Certain it is that few politicians of the class to which SMITH O'BRIEN belonged show any marked tendency to adopt his ideas or follow in his steps. There is plenty of sedition and disloyalty still lingering on the other side of the Channel, but its overt manifestations have of late been mainly confined to a lower stratum of society than that which furnished the demagogues and agitators of twenty years ago. The present Parliamentary representatives of Irish discontent are not persons whom sober-minded Englishmen either trust or admire, but perhaps there is not one of their number capable of meditating armed insurrection against the British Crown, or even of organizing incendiary appeals to the passions of ignorant multitudes. Irish members of Parliament, and the class which supplies members of Parliament, are now, with few exceptions, willing to bring their grievances to the Imperial Legislature, instead of haranguing excited mobs, and debauching with mendacious servility the minds of the finest peasantry in the world. Conciliation Hall has no extant representatives more formidable than the obscure fanatics of the Fenian and St. Patrick Brotherhoods, and the succession to the hero of Ballingarry is, for the present, altogether vacant. There is more than enough in the Ireland of to-day to cause sorrow and anxiety to all who wish the sister country well, but we may at least hope that the warning lesson taught by the career of WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN is final, and will need no repetition.

THE POOR-LAW REPORT.

UPWARDS of three years ago there was a very severe winter in London. The frost lasted for nearly five weeks, and during some nights, especially on Christmas Eve, it reached to an intensity almost without precedent. Great suffering was the result, and a cry was raised that the Poor Law had broken down. A good many philanthropists came forward, such as Mr. HERMANN DOUGLAS, Mr. W. D. BROMLEY, and others, to make specific charges against it. A great deal of sympathy was roused, enormous sums of money were sent to the police magistrates for distribution, and, when Parliament met, the conduct of the Poor-Law authorities was angrily called in question. It so happened that this outburst of indignation against the Guardians synchronized with a movement on their part against the Poor-Law Board; and thus, while the philanthropists were demanding that more power should be given to the Board to restrain the hard-heartedness of the Guardians, the Guardians, on their side, were demanding to be freed from the control of the Board, which they found to be irksome and declared to be unnecessary. A Committee of twenty-one members was appointed to try these countercharges, and to examine generally into the working of the New Poor Law. It was understood that they were to ascertain whether there had been, after thirty years, sufficient experience of the law to justify Parliament in giving to it a permanent character, instead of renewing it every five years, as had hitherto been the case.

After three years and a half of labour, the Committee have just brought forth their Report. Their decision is in the main favourable to the philanthropists. They do not, indeed, admit that the Poor Law broke down in the winter of 1860-61, because there was no sort of evidence that the funds at the command of the Guardians were exhausted, or that they would have had any difficulty in relieving the distress if they had taken measures to do so. The charity of the public, however, in a great degree relieved them of the task.

Still, the Committee admit that the distress was often very terrible, and the evidence goes a little further than they are willing to do in making this admission. The following, for instance, is the account given by Mr. KNOX, the police magistrate, of what he witnessed in the Bethnal Green district:—"As we walked round to visit the district I certainly saw 'sights of the most extreme and awful misery. There was no doubt about it; their articles of furniture were gone from the house; the frame of a bedstead would be remaining and the sacking gone; there were a man and his wife and six children lying upon shavings in the room; they would show you a bundle of pawn-tickets, with nothing remaining in the room; and I beheld sights such as you would not suppose it possible to witness in London." This suffering, however, was not entirely the fault of the Guardians. The unwillingness of a large part of the poor to apply to the parish for relief comes out very strongly in the evidence. More than one witness, familiar with their feelings, says that the independent poor would rather die first. If this aversion merely applied to the relief inside the workhouse, it would be intelligible. But it is more difficult to explain the wide-spread reluctance to receive even outdoor relief. In some degree it may be accounted for by the difficulty of obtaining it. It involves one journey to the relieving officer, and one or two to the Board of Guardians; and when a man is only accidentally out of work he may be unwilling to give up the chance of two or three days' employment for the sake of the liberal donation of a shilling and a loaf a week. And in many cases, when he has obtained the order, he can only procure the dole by fighting for seven or eight hours, outside the workhouse, among a crowd as ravenous and as desperate as himself. Such at least was the scene that not unfrequently took place during the period of extreme distress; and, of course, in the case of women and of sickly persons the difficulty was prohibitory. Deterred by such obstacles, the working-man naturally goes on hoping against hope that he may find a bit of work; and at last, if it does not come, his exhaustion has gone so far that he has lost alike the power and the will to make any exertion to save his life. Mr. KNOX speaks to several cases of persons thrown into a stupor of this kind by destitution, and prevented by it from applying for the sustenance which would have been its only cure.

The Committee are cautious in the recommendations which they make for the improvement of the system. It is evident that the reaction produced by the evil consequences of the indiscriminate system of relief that existed before 1834 has not yet lost its force. The economists cling still with a fond tenacity to the "workhouse screw," which prevents them from seeing the cruelty which under certain circumstances it inflicts. But still the recommendations of the Committee are sound as far as they go. They express an opinion in favour of union rating all over the country. They admit that some measure is necessary, though they do not commit themselves to details, for the purpose of equalizing the burden of the poor-rate all over the metropolis. They applaud the plan, which has been recently put into practice, of supplying the deficiency of relieving officers by making the police relieving officers *ex officio*; and they recommend that it should be universally adopted. For the relief of the most crying grievance with which the administration of the Poor Law in the metropolis can be charged, they propose a more energetic remedy. If their plan is carried out, there is fair ground for hoping that the disgrace of what is called "casual pauperism" will be wiped away. The inhabitants of London will be no longer perplexed and saddened by the sight of wanderers upon a winter night, obviously starving for lack of the aid which the law professes to secure to them without fail, and yet belonging in appearance to the mendicant class against whom the benevolent are so earnestly warned. The Committee propose that a rate shall be levied upon the whole of the metropolis, through the agency of the Metropolitan Board of Works, for the relief of the casual poor; that asylums shall be provided for them at sufficient intervals; and that these asylums shall be managed upon a uniform system, and paid for out of the rate to be thus evenly levied. The result of such a system would of course be that the casual poor would have no temptation to go to one asylum rather than another, and that consequently the painful cases of overcrowding, and of the consequent rejection of really deserving applicants, would not take place. There is no doubt that the worst evils of the Poor-Law administration of the metropolis arise in the case of those who are called casual poor. The infirm and invalid, who are inevitably permanent paupers, do not appear to be badly treated. Those who are paupers through mere idleness need no pity. But the system is not elastic enough, nor suffi-

ciently organized, to meet the wants of those upon whom destitution comes unexpectedly. If any security can be obtained that they shall be relieved as their wants arise, the waste of human life which has recently taken place in the poorer parts of the metropolis will be arrested. Another proposal made by the Committee will probably tend to lighten the sufferings of the poor. It is recommended that the exceptional parishes—the parishes which, under the shelter of a GILBERT'S or a local Act, set the Poor-Law Board at defiance—shall be brought under the operation of the general law. By such an enactment a considerable amount of the hardheartedness which is characteristic of the publican and cheesemonger class will be made harmless. There may be some opposition to it on behalf of those who are interested. But if the Committee maintain their own recommendation in the House, it can hardly fail of success.

There are other enactments foreshadowed in the resolutions of the Committee which are not devoid of importance. The Central Poor-Law Board is to be continued permanently, with undiminished, or rather increased, powers, in spite of the recalcitrant Guardians. The workhouse schools are abolished, upon very sufficient evidence, from the stigma cast upon them by the Education Commissioners; but separate education is recommended where it is possible. The grievances of the Roman Catholics, who complain that every workhouse has a MORTARA case of its own, are met by a code of regulations conceived in the most enlightened spirit. Every facility for the education of Roman Catholic children in their own religion, and for a free communication between the priest and Roman Catholic adults, is carefully secured. The Committee insist that the Guardians shall either permit mass to be said in the workhouse, or that they shall enable the Roman Catholic inmates to attend it at some neighbouring chapel; and they further record their opinion that wherever the number of Roman Catholic paupers, or of paupers of any other Non-conformist denomination, is large, the minister who attends to them should be paid for his labour by the State. Of course it is probable that such reforms will not pass into actual law without resistance; but a great step to their accomplishment is effected when they have been embodied in the recommendations of a Committee of so much authority. It is possible that Mr. VILLIERS, the Chairman, might not have consented so readily even to improvements so modest, if he had not deemed it possible that the task of embodying them in a statute might fall to other hands. But, from whatever combination of causes it may have sprung, such a Report is no small gain to those who have at heart to promote the equitable and kindly administration of the Poor Law.

AMERICA.

THE repulse of General GRANT's attack on the 3rd of June appears to have been one of the most important events of the campaign, though several actions have caused greater bloodshed. In ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the Federal army found that General LEE's position was impregnable to assault, and the reported loss of 6,000 men—or, according to the Southern version, of 15,000—seems to show that they had sufficient reason for the conclusion. A week afterwards elapsed without any serious movement, but it is supposed that GRANT is once more moving to the left, and that, like McCLELLAN, he will finally take up a position on one or both banks of the James River. It is now more than ever impossible to dispute that his projects have hitherto been baffled. If he menaces Richmond from the South, after failing to approach it on the North or the East, he practically admits that the whole of May and a part of June have been wasted in an impossible enterprise. The Federal army is probably still superior to its adversary in numbers, but the disproportion must have been largely reduced by the enormous losses of the campaign. Every soldier who has been killed or wounded in the march from the Rapidan might have been disembarked in perfect safety at the White House or on the banks of the James River. It is fair to assume that General GRANT may have foreseen the possibility of a check in his direct advance, and that he may have been prepared for the contingency which has actually occurred. No Federal general has more habitually abstained from the vulgar and imbecile bragadocio of POPE and HOOKER, but it is unlucky that GRANT should have pledged himself to "fight it out on this line," a few days before he was compelled to adopt a line which is obviously different. General LEE has hitherto persistently shouldered the invader from every road which led to Richmond; and, unless the Confederate resources are exhausted, there is no reason to suppose that General GRANT will be nearer his

object when he has completed three parts of a circle. The contest of skill and endurance resembles in some degree the duels between a German and a Turk which were sometimes fought on the border between Transylvania and Turkey. According to an old description, the German combatant took his seat on the stump of a tree, with a heavy blunderbuss resting on his knee. The Mussulman appeared on horseback, studded with pistols, which he fired in succession as he wheeled rapidly round his impassive antagonist, who contented himself with facing round at his leisure and calculating the distance. After much waste of powder, the horseman ventured a little nearer, and the first shot from the blunderbuss generally decided the conflict. The advantage of inner lines, to a general who acts on the defensive, has never been more fully illustrated than in the Virginian campaigns.

The sanguine friends of the Federal cause have discovered, since the arrival of GRANT in the peninsula, that Richmond will be most effectually isolated by the interposition of the Federal army between LEE and North Carolina. It is unsafe to dogmatize on military subjects, but the authority of GRANT himself may be quoted in support of the opposite opinion. A general who has the absolute control of all the plan of a campaign must be supposed to approve the course which he has deliberately adopted; and it would be as absurd to assert that GRANT preferred an advance from the James River as to explain NAPOLEON's failure in Russia by suggesting that his own judgment would have led him to abstain from the disastrous march to Moscow. It is, however, still possible that the Federal enterprise may be ultimately successful, though the original project has been defeated. A large army encamped in an enemy's country, with an unassailable base on the sea, may perhaps wear out even Southern endurance. The allied armies occupied a similar position in front of Sebastopol from the opening of the siege to the capture of the Malakoff. The supplies and reinforcements of the invaders arrived after a time with perfect regularity, while the Russians exhausted themselves by supporting the army which garrisoned the town. The Federal Government is now concentrating all its efforts on the Virginian campaign, although it is forced to loosen its hold on a large portion of Southern territory which had been conquered or overrun; and it is reported that reinforcements to the number of 60,000 men will in a few weeks be collected from detachments and garrisons, even as far off as New Orleans. On the other hand, it may be remembered that, at the outset of the campaign, General MEADE was compelled to use strong measures to enforce the continued service of several regiments, which were, as he alleged, bound to serve for two months longer. The time has already almost run out, and, according to the forged proclamation, which proved in some other respects correct, 100,000 men will shortly be entitled to their discharge. No recruitment or conscription will, under the most favourable circumstances, be available for the present campaign. On the whole, the chances appear to be in favour of the defenders of Richmond, but unless the muster-rolls of both armies could be examined, it would be impossible to form a confident opinion of the result. If General HUNTER's victory in Western Virginia is found to have been decisive, LEE may soon be forced to detach troops to protect his communications with Lynchburg.

General SHERMAN continues his daring invasion of Georgia, and thus far he scarcely seems to have encountered serious resistance. In default of positive information, it may be confidently assumed that General JOHNSTON is compelled to husband his resources, and it is by no means improbable that his army has been drained to reinforce LEE in Virginia. If he is able to make a stand at Atlanta, the territory which has been temporarily abandoned may perhaps be recovered. The Southern summer will thin the ranks of the invader, and Confederate partisans, though they may be unable to break his communications, will compel him to leave strong detachments at every available point on a line of a hundred miles. It might have been thought that FORREST and MORGAN would have been most usefully employed between Chattanooga and SHERMAN's present position; but nothing is more surprising than the failure of the Confederates to maintain an efficient cavalry force. The Northern generals are now stronger in the arm which, at the beginning of the war, was thought to give the South a special advantage. Both sides, however, content themselves with the employment of mounted troops in ravaging or plundering expeditions. There has not been a single battle since the commencement of the war in which cavalry have either attacked infantry, or discharged their most important function by converting a defeat into a rout. A few regiments of French or English

dragoons would have, on half a dozen fields, rendered the escape of the beaten army almost impossible. General STUART was a gallant and active soldier, but his exploits were confined to irregular skirmishes and to rapid movements in search of plunder or information.

The domestic or political transactions of the North are naturally overshadowed by the interest of the great military struggle in Virginia. Mr. LINCOLN has, in pursuance of a foregone conclusion, been nominated for the Presidency at Baltimore, and General FREMONT at Cleveland. The extreme or schismatic Republicans have been compelled, in their search for a distinctive policy, to borrow the favourite Democratic commonplaces. General FREMONT, in accepting the nomination, affects to protest against the illegal violence which has undoubtedly been used in derogation both of personal liberty and of the freedom of the press; but it is doubtful whether public feeling in the United States disapproves of irregular acts of vigour in support of a popular cause. Three years ago, General FREMONT showed, in a memorable instance, his own utter disregard for the law, for the Constitution, and for military discipline. When he commanded in the West, he proclaimed, in defiance of the PRESIDENT's authority, the immediate and total abolition of slavery within the limits of his jurisdiction. It is doubtful whether he was influenced by excessive hatred of the institution, or by a desire, which has been partially gratified, of putting himself at the head of a rising party. His zeal for Abolition has secured him the Cleveland nomination, but a sudden jealousy for strict adherence to law is at least suspicious. On the whole, the great majority of the Republican party is fully justified in preferring the candidature of Mr. LINCOLN. The PRESIDENT is neither a statesman nor an able administrator, but he has consistently adhered to the doctrine that the restoration of the Union is more important than any secondary question as to the means by which it is to be accomplished. The more moderate Abolitionists may claim him as a practical convert to their views, while the friends of the Constitution excuse his lapses from strict political orthodoxy on the ground of overwhelming necessity. When Mr. LINCOLN is taunted with slackness in the prosecution of the war, he may confidently point to 2,000,000 of men whom he has summoned to arms, to about a quarter of that number dead, disabled, or missing, and to 100,000 men sacrificed to the Union since the beginning of the present campaign. His opponents could scarcely have amassed in three years a larger debt than 400,000,000*l.*, although Mr. CHASE, who may still perhaps become a candidate for the Presidency, may claim to have been the principal instrument of increasing the public burdens. No war has been waged so wastefully, or with less military sagacity; but assuredly the North, under its present Government, has bled and paid in earnest. There is no reason to suppose that General FREMONT, who possesses neither professional knowledge nor official experience, would have managed the war more efficiently. If a President is to be chosen for special qualifications, either GRANT or MCLELLAN would command greater confidence in the army. Mr. CHASE, though an unprincipled politician, and an orator who prattles about "ballots and bullets," is perhaps the ablest financier in the United States, but his popularity will scarcely survive the rapid fall in the currency, especially as the process, having once begun, will continue with accelerated speed. The expenditure at present amounts to at least 500,000*l.* a day, and the interest on loans is nearly 12 per cent. Three months hence, if the Richmond expedition has failed, it seems not impossible that the Democrats may propose a candidate for the Presidency, as the first step towards the restoration of peace. The Republicans are justified in declaring that the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN will be equivalent to a resolution in favour of an indefinite prosecution of the war, and, if GRANT is ultimately compelled to embark for Washington with the remnant of his forces, the hope of conquering the South must be abandoned. The Republic might still raise a great army for defensive purposes, but the conscripts of 1864 will not be called upon to follow the steps of their predecessors on the road to Richmond.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

IT is no wonder that the condition of Ireland should be continually thrust upon the House of Commons. There is no question that concerns us more closely, and none that is apparently involved in more hopeless difficulty. As far as English statesmen, practised in their craft and biassed neither by interest nor passion, are capable of judging, there seems to be something wanton and causeless in the misery into which

that country appears to be more and more deeply sinking. Every genuine and substantial grievance is removed. Ireland is governed with an impartial hand by the same laws as those which in England produce a prosperity so abundant and so elastic. She has a fair share of the bounties of nature—a good commercial position, fine harbours, a temperate climate, a fertile soil, some mineral wealth, and an abundance of water power. Why does she not flourish? Why are the wages of her peasantry too low to support life? Why is their lot so hard that they prefer the hazard of emigration to a country torn by civil war, rather than endure it? If there is room for the employment of capital, why does not capital come? If there are natural resources sufficient to support a dense population, it is inexplicable that those resources should never have been developed. The truth seems to be that Ireland is a remarkable instance of that social phenomenon which may be described as the ground-swell of opinion. ROBESPIERRE once argued that the people must needs be suffering under some grievance, for that the sea was as likely to break into a tempest without wind as the discontent of the people to rise without oppression. VERGNAUD replied to him that discontent could not, indeed, arise without a grievance, but that, as the swell outlasts the gale, so popular disaffection would often rage long after the removal of the grievance that had called it forth. The same law operates everywhere. Public feeling is generally out of date, and represents provocatives that have long since passed away. The No-Popery feeling in England, the horror of monarchy in the United States, the detestation of aristocracy in France, do not represent any grievance or danger of which the existing generation has any experience. The evils of Ireland seem to be due to a similar cause. Saxon oppression is a thing of the past. Persecuting laws have ceased to exist. The peasant is no longer taxed for the support of a Church in which he does not believe. His enemy the rector lives now upon the rents of the landlord, who, in nineteen cases out of twenty, professes the same creed. The cruel and unjust legislation which formerly stifled Ireland's commerce and industry has been abolished for nearly a century. The Orange ascendancy is no more. The favours of Government are distributed among all classes and all creeds with an impartial hand. Even the relations of landlord and tenant are adjusted upon a friendlier and kinder footing than heretofore. But the resentment which all these various forms of oppression have kindled in the mind of the race that for centuries has groaned under them burns as fiercely as ever. They are not looked upon as the accidental caprice of an evil age, or as traditions of a barbarism that belonged to a bygone state of society. On the contrary, they are attributed to a cause which is still in full vigour—the domination of the descendants of those who were once conquerors over the descendants of those whom they overcame. No credit is yet given to the dominant race for its increased enlightenment or humanity. The Irish peasant is bred up to regard it as his oppressor; and the improvement must be sustained through some generations before it will penetrate through the thick prejudice that encrusts the Celtic mind, or be held to have atoned for past wrongs.

The English people, on their side, have not been free from the operation of the same law. Some years ago, agrarian outrage was common enough to constitute a serious danger for any one who should undertake to manage property in Ireland on ordinary business-like principles. It is unhappily not eradicated yet; but it is of comparatively rare occurrence, and is confined to certain deeply-tainted districts. The bold and manly course taken by Colonel GREVILLE shows that the Irish landlords are beginning to discover the true method of dealing with it; and if his example only finds a few imitators in various parts of the country, it will in all probability entirely disappear. But the effect of its general prevalence in past times has not disappeared from the minds of English investors. They will risk their money upon the Continent, in Egypt, in Australia, even in Brazil, but not in Ireland. This peculiar habit of the population appears to them to lend an insecurity to agricultural enterprise in Ireland greater than that which can attend it in half-barbarous countries. The manufacturer is affected by a similar panic. Years ago, Ireland was afflicted by the plague of strikes. These suicidal demonstrations had their usual effect. The manufacturing capital which was beginning to be attracted to the west and south-west of Ireland, by its remarkable abundance of water power, soon betook itself elsewhere. It is probable that many years of increasing education and a long experience of misery may have made the Irish people wiser; but as long as capital can find safer employment, it will not again expose itself to the caprice and impulsiveness of the Irish character. Nor is the alarm confined to the more educated class of Eng-

lishmen. One of the great difficulties which have to be surmounted by any adventurous speculator who may be inclined to try his hand at Irish enterprise is that he must be content to work exclusively with Irish instruments. English or Scotch workmen, or servants, or overseers, may be induced by sufficient payment to go to any part of the world, but no bribe will tempt the mass of them to set foot in Ireland. Of course such a rule can only obtain roughly, and must be subject to many exceptions; but the aversion is quite general enough to oppose a palpable difficulty to the operations of English capitalists in Ireland.

The obvious remedy for these evils is to wait till they have cured themselves. But it is not very easy to wait with the patience which a philosophical economist might recommend. While we are waiting, many things are happening to disturb our equanimity. There is much actual misery which brings discredit upon our Government, and nourishes a discontent that may be dangerous. The depopulation of our chief recruiting-ground is a somewhat formidable fact at a period when the air is full of rumours of war; and it is not a pleasant reflection that those whom we may one day need as recruits are gone to increase the numbers of a nation which each successive batch of them makes more and more hostile to ourselves. It is true that the waste will be repaired in time. Any gap in the population which emigration can cause will be supplied without difficulty by the teeming race that inhabits these islands. But, in the meantime, Ireland is not the less a weakness to the nation as a whole, and a source of difficulty to each successive Government. If any mode of quickening the natural processes of time could be found, and if the intermediate period of weakness and depression could be shortened, the addition to England's political strength would be incalculable. Any Government encouragement to failing industry, such as Mr. HENNESSY's motion contemplated, would undoubtedly be a departure from the ordinary laws of political economy. But the laws of political economy are only to be relied on when they are applied consistently. They are not warranted to cure evils which have been produced by disregarding them. If the ordinary laws of supply and demand had been allowed to work in Ireland, her material growth would have proceeded without check. She would have possessed capital, of her own accumulation, in some degree sufficient for her needs. But that growth for many centuries was stunted in order to stimulate the prosperity of England. Long misgovernment and a cruel commercial system have done much to weaken the very power of growth. It is not to be expected that it can be restored by simply leaving things alone. The law of supply and demand will not undo the evil work of many centuries. It can be no breach of any true political economy that England should accept any fitting opportunity of giving back to Ireland a portion of the wealth which she has unjustly taken from her.

GREAT SUBJECTS.

A RECENT writer in *Fraser's Magazine* has dwelt with much force on the difference between the occupation of studying great subjects with an intention and a habit of writing on them, and the occupation of touching casually and vaguely on many subjects, some great and some little. It is needless to say that he admires the former, and has a good-humoured contempt for the latter. And no doubt he is in some measure right. To live among great authors, to be always conversant with great thoughts, and to have the full stretch of the intellectual faculties always at play, is one of the keenest pleasures that human life has to give. Aristotle long ago found out that it was the height of human happiness, and if we put the next world out of the question, as he did, we can scarcely fail to own he is right. It is true that there is great weariness, much sense of failure, an anxious sense of responsibility, and incessant labour required in any devotion to a great subject. But then the human mind is so formed that it is never so well satisfied as when it conceives it is going to the bottom of a thing. Of course, a man must believe that there is a bottom to the thing which he is to examine. He must be convinced that inquiry will either lead to truth, or to that limited truth which is sufficient for the affairs of human life. A man may, for example, take the greatest interest in theology, not because he thinks that theological certainty can be obtained, but because he thinks it can be shown under what precise degree of theological uncertainty human life can be properly and happily conducted. But when once a man has made up his mind to go as far into a great subject as he can, with a conviction that he is not undertaking a task beyond the intellect of mankind, he secures to himself the certainty of having very many happy moments, if he lives and has health to carry out his intentions. Nor, as a rule, is he much plagued either with the special pleasures or the special pains that are supposed to come to him from the outer world. Viewed from the outside, it seems as if famous writers must care a great deal for their fame, and unquestionably there have been great authors who have been very much pleased to be courted, and

fêted, and smiled on. But although they may like it when they have got it, they have scarcely ever achieved their greatness because they wished for fame. They have been spurred on by the desire to do a thing which they felt they could do well, and this is a desire which, if once indulged, grows rapidly more powerful. To many persons, indeed, social reputation seems rather a nuisance than otherwise, when contemplated from a distance. Social reputation means little else than dining with quantities of people whom the great author does not know, and who ask him because it pays them to hire him for the day. At the moment of dining, the great author feels the advantage of his reputation. It is pleasanter, when a man is among strangers, that notice should be taken of him and that he should be civilly treated, than that he should be overlooked and relegated to the company of those peculiarly hopeless and dummy-looking women who fill up the insignificant places at dinner-parties, and are, to talk to, like the wall of Pyramus without Thisbe on the other side. But although an author, if he is a sensible man, likes having the social attention that comes fairly in his way, he can scarcely be prompted to exert himself beforehand by the hope of some day enjoying pleasant dinner-parties at an age when very probably his digestion may be sadly impaired, and his life may have been clouded over by domestic misfortunes.

Fame, then, is not the spur that ordinarily impels men to give up their lives to great subjects; nor, on the other hand, is the fear of the world the reason that ordinarily deters them from it. It is true that here also, if a man thought much beforehand of what the world would say of him, he would not take up great subjects, or would only take them up after the manner of the last new assortment of bishops. But we can scarcely call it taking up a great subject when people take it up just so far as to attract attention, and then explain at the right moment that their investigations are not going to come to anything. This is a respectable and a cheerful pursuit, gives a sense of healthful industry, and instils a reasonable hope of doing good in the generation in which Providence has been pleased to place them, but it is not what can be properly called taking up a great subject. There is no possibility of estimating what is the loss or gain of taking up a great subject, and devoting a lifetime to it, unless we suppose the case of a man who is determined to take it up thoroughly and honestly. Such a man, it seems to us, is much less hurt by the world's censure than is thought. In the first place, he is almost sure to be absorbed in his subject, and has little time to think of other people. To be saved those annoyances, those little cares, those petty calls upon time that disturb most men, is the chief object of his daily ambition. He is aware, perhaps, that the excellent grocer of the place who officiates as churchwarden thinks him odd and dangerous. But a man who spends ten hours a day in thinking whether knowing and being are the same, whether there is or is not a science of history, or whether it was colder sixty millions of years before or sixty millions of years after the primary glacial epoch, gets to be hardened as to the opinions of churchwardens. It must also be said that in Western Europe a man cannot think honestly and write boldly, if his thoughts are worth thinking, without having many friends and protectors raised up on his behalf. He is sure to have many warm and zealous admirers, and many champions who stand by him simply because he is attacked. It may perhaps be said that probably these admirers are at a distance, and only keep up his spirits by writing to him, and that even when, as in the neighbourhood of London, there are seven or eight deliveries a day, no man can reckon on having his spirits satisfactorily kept up through the post. Immediate neighbours, and the circle in which people daily live, affect them much more than those at a distance. This is true, but then a man who has taken up a great subject is apt to be so engrossed by it that he does not much trouble himself about his neighbours, and is quite content if he can get exercise and food without asking any one but his own household to help him. He is more likely to suffer through his wife than directly in person; for she has to bear the odium of his dangerousness without the absorption of mind which makes him impervious to the criticism of the vicinity. There is no denying that this may be a trial to her, and that he may be very sorry to see her so tried. But then very few wives have any notion of shrinking from fighting the battles of their husbands, and if they lose the pleasure of being well received by society, they gain the pleasure of thinking they are sticking closely to a dear friend in distress, and perhaps the latter is the keener pleasure of the two. It is true that the wife may be a different sort of woman. She may be incapable of tasting high pleasures of any kind, and may be always whining and boring him about the social disadvantages he causes her; or she may be an obstinate person, with scruples and opinions and conscientious objections. In this case, the philosopher has done wrong in marrying the wrong sort of woman; but when the deed is done, he has no other resource than to work himself up to such an intense pitch of absorption in knowing and being, and the science of history, and the glacial epoch, that the words of his wife are to him as the words of the churchwarden.

The happiness of taking up a great subject honestly, apart from its possible social reputation, is so indisputable, and its drawbacks are so easily overcome, that there is nothing to do but to congratulate a man who is capable of attaining this happiness, and who decides on attaining it. But then, besides courage, the taking up a great subject demands capacity and time, and the real question is, what is the capacity and what is the amount of leisure which taking up a great subject demands. If a great subject is not taken up with the devotion of a life, the choice lies between taking it up in a

fragmentary and cursory, although honest way, and not taking it up at all, but devoting attention to treating rapidly many subjects, and pronouncing that sort of opinion on them which is expected from a periodical writer. Of course we are not now speaking of first-rate productions, for everything first-rate requires exclusive devotion; but a writer who has no intention of giving up his life to a subject may still ask himself some such question as this—Is it better to write a good second-rate history or good leading articles and reviews? Probably there are not many persons whom the question concerns, and those few will answer it for themselves according to their tastes, means, and circumstances. But still there is always some general interest in every problem of moral duty and in every important literary question. And we will, therefore, venture to express the opinion that there is a great deal to be said on both sides. Morally, we must acknowledge that the composition of the good second-rate history is likely to be the best. The author is brought more constantly and immediately in contact with the records of great minds. He is more frequently reminded of the great problems of human life. He is less at the mercy of the vanity or the skill which urges the saying of smart half-truths. But we must not suppose that he has all the communing with great minds to himself. It is one thing to live in the atmosphere of great authors, and another to attempt to rival them on their own ground; and a man who only writes to have his pages immediately torn up cannot give the highest satisfaction to those who condescend to give him this precarious perusal, unless he is in the constant habit of thinking great thoughts at second-hand, and of reading the best of what has been written. But the second-rate historian does this more steadily than the fugitive writer, and as a matter of business. On the other hand, the fugitive writer is much more sure of doing what he means to do. He does not put off eternally, but is forced to give the best that he can at a given epoch; and many minds can do, when pushed for a short time, what they could not do if they took unlimited time and were only impelled by that general sense of duty and responsibility which is so apt to yield to the temptations of a pipe, a nap, or a female conversationalist. Besides, the choice is not really open to all to whom it seems to be open. Putting aside all external considerations, all necessities of getting money, or of working with friends who have learnt to depend on a certain amount of assistance, the writer who may have ability to write a good second-rate history may yet be overwhelmed with the dilemma that either all he writes will be commonplace and so not worth writing, except as a matter of private moral improvement, or that, if it is not commonplace, it will be merely paradoxical and not true, for want of the time and the calmness and slowness of thought necessary to exhaust a subject. The examples are so numerous in the present day of able men taking up a subject just far enough to make an ingenious theory about it, and these ingenious theories come to so very little except conferring a brief notoriety on their inventor, that a critic who has once learned to look on these ingenious theories principally as a source of instructive amusement cannot bring himself to risk the chance of adding another to that list by increasing which he perceives that those whom he might hope to rival escape the abhorred danger of being merely humdrum and commonplace.

THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN an article on the railway accident which lately happened near Egham, the *Times* drew a contrast between ourselves and the Americans. Rather less than thirty persons were killed or wounded near London, and the whole British public was thrown, said our agreeable critic, into a state of horror, such is the Englishman's estimate of the sacredness of human life. Those wicked Americans, on the other hand, hear with a kind of pride that something like eighty thousand of their Northern fellow-countrymen (to say nothing of an awful list of Southerners) have been killed or maimed within a few miles of their great cities, on ground as familiar to many of them as the hills of Kent and Surrey are to us. How thankful we ought to be that we are not as those Yankees, and that the many blessings which we owe to our prudence and good conduct make it difficult for us even to understand that hardness of heart which is so natural to them!

However pleasant it may be to assume the position of the Pharisee, no one exactly likes to see his newspaper do it for him. The particular sin in question is one of those which, to be pleasant, ought to be unconscious. As soon as we see the thing in print, the unconsciousness is gone, and a certain feeling not altogether unrelated to contempt takes the place of it. It is very questionable whether we do care more for human life than other people, and it is still more questionable whether its value is not generally rather over than under rated. In the first place, what is the value of the comparison between the Americans and ourselves? We are more impressed by a railway accident than they are by a great battle. Suppose it were so, this would prove only that our imaginations at the present moment are more susceptible than theirs upon this particular point, and that fact shows nothing but want of practice on our part. If there were a civil war for the independence of Ireland, we should soon come to take the news of the death of large numbers of people with considerable equanimity, and, as it is, we do not really care much for the number of people who are killed in an accident. If we were to hear that a hundred persons had been blown up by a colliery explosion,

and that two hundred and fifty had been lost in an emigrant vessel, our feelings as to the two events would not materially differ. If in the first case there were affecting incidents graphically described, and if in the second nothing reached us beyond a curt announcement of the fact, no one can doubt that the second would cause far less emotion than the first. So, if twenty-five persons were killed on the platform of the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway, it would cause far more emotion amongst the readers of the *Times* newspaper than the blowing up of a hundred miners, or the news which we received the other day that certain districts of India were devastated by a plague which swept off thousands of natives. This, and scores of other illustrations, prove only that the human imagination is not so constructed as to be affected by events in the direct proportion of their tendency to diminish or increase the total mass of human happiness—a truth about as familiar as that the human eye is not so constructed as to convey to the mind at once, and without intermediate calculation, accurate information as to the exact size of objects without reference to their distance and position. But the inference from this very unpretending truth is, that there is nothing remarkable in the behaviour of the Federals under their present circumstances. People become habitually indifferent to any state of things which lasts long enough to seem normal for the time being. There is perhaps as much human misery of one sort or another within ten miles of St. Paul's as there is in all the hospitals in Virginia and Washington, but who is really much the sadder for it? How many people are consciously sad about it at all? and who, the world being what it is, would much care or wish to be so?

If, then, it is unjust to tax the Americans with being in reality very different from ourselves in respect of the value which they set upon human life, it is natural to ask whether they, or we, are altogether reasonable in our common language on the subject. Few phrases are oftener on our lips than "the sacredness of human life." It is used on both sides, for instance, in the argument about capital punishments, and on almost all occasions it passes muster as the expression of an accredited maxim which it is impossible either to misunderstand or deny to be true. It is not, however, easy to assign to it a meaning which fulfils both these conditions by plainly asserting an indisputable truth. To assert that human life is sacred, in the sense of being the only opportunity afforded to men for performing their moral and religious duties, is to turn the phrase into a very empty platitude which, to do them justice, those who use it cannot be fairly charged with wishing to repeat. To take it as an assertion that actual physical existence should never under any circumstances be voluntarily abridged, is to turn it into an obvious untruth. Probably no one ever really doubted that it is right for people to kill in certain cases—as, for instance, in the case of self-defence. The fairest interpretation of it probably is, that there is a mystery about human life which we do not thoroughly understand, and that the existence of this mystery to some extent ties our hands in dealing with it. This, no doubt, is true, and the connexion between this truth and religious belief is obvious. So long as men believe that they were created by and owe duties to God, they will of necessity feel more or less forcibly the truth of the ancient maxim, that a man ought no more to consider his own life with exclusive reference to the personal satisfaction which it gives to him than a soldier ought to consider his conduct in a campaign from the same point of view. The force of this sentiment, the extent to which it prevails, and the degree of obedience which is paid to it, are amongst the most curious of the facts relating to human nature, and form perhaps the strongest testimony that can be derived from experience to the tacit, informal religious convictions of mankind. It is wonderful to think of the number of cases in which, if we were quite sure that men stand on precisely the same footing with the inferior animals, we should be inclined to destroy their lives. Yet the number of cases in which people act upon that principle is so small, and the shock given to the general sentiment when it is acted upon is so great, that they may be considered as mere exceptions proving the existence of the general rule by the surprise and indignation which they excite. In a large proportion of cases, infanticide or equivalent processes would certainly be resorted to but for this feeling; and the same may be said of the victims of a number of incurable diseases and congenital deformities. There is an admirable institution—the only one, unhappily, of its kind—called the Hospital for Incurables. When there is to be an election of a candidate for the advantages which it affords to the poor wretches for whom it was intended, an abstract of the cases of the claimants is circulated amongst the subscribers by the managers. There are generally some sixty or seventy candidates, and it would be hard to imagine anything more impressive than the long list of hideous sufferings which is there chronicled in concise official language. It is obvious enough that nearly, if not quite, every person mentioned in that list must lead a life of agony which can be prolonged at best, or perhaps at worst, for only a few years by extreme care and attention. Their lives can involve nothing but suffering. They are utterly unable to occupy themselves in any useful or agreeable manner. As a rule, they are absolutely, or all but absolutely, friendless; yet not only does no one think of killing them, nor do they think of killing themselves, but it is considered a good and charitable action to establish at great expense a hospital in which their lives are prolonged as far as science and kindness can prolong them. And this appears so

natural and obvious a course that, of the kind people who built this hospital, probably no single one ever reflected that five pounds' worth of prussic acid or belladonna would put an end to the whole of the misery which is merely alleviated and protracted by an annual expenditure of thousands. It must be unnecessary to say that we do not advocate the more economical course, nor wish to cast the slightest reflection on an excellent institution; but the singularity of the fact itself, and the singularity of the further circumstance that no one is surprised at it, certainly deserve notice. There is no lack of examples of a similar kind. Probably no accusation against Napoleon was more popular, or gave more scandal, than the accusation that he poisoned the soldiers who had the plague at Jaffa. Yet what could he do? They must have died at all events; the Turks would have massacred them if the plague had spared them. All that he did was to procure them an easy death by a dose of laudanum. Such instances happen in private life. Even in the extreme case of hydrophobia, when a man may injure his nearest relatives, and when the only question is whether he shall spend more or less time in hideous agony, he is left to live until death comes in the natural course of things. The agony must not be shortened though its hopelessness is obvious. A physician knew that he must die of an utterly incurable disease. He also knew that by repeated doses of brandy his life might be prolonged for many hours. When he felt the last stage of his illness approaching, he begged not to have the brandy, and he extorted a promise to that effect—he said he had seen so much pain inflicted by it. His friends, however, kept him alive all night by pouring brandy down his throat. In all these and in many other cases of the same kind, the same sentiment may be recognised. Men have a feeling that human life is something beyond and above them; they will not trust their own reason to act in relation to it as they would with almost anything else; and they express this general sentiment by the phrase under consideration.

A sentiment, especially if it is general, and on the whole beneficent, is a very good thing in its way; but it is always necessary to set bounds to it, and the difficulty is to discover the principle on which the bounds should be set. The sentiment about human life does not prevent war; it does not prevent the destruction of life in self-defence, or for some other reasons; and it is a moot point whether or not it ought in all cases to prevent capital punishment. All sensible people would agree that it ought to prevent the substitution of a gratuitous distribution of poison, under proper regulations, for a hospital of incurables, and that it ought not to prevent war. Why is this? It is admitted that no reason, except deference to an obscure sentiment, can be alleged for not poisoning an idiot hideously deformed and hopelessly diseased. It is admitted that the same sentiment is even more strongly opposed to war, and it certainly is opposed to capital punishment; yet capital punishment is generally practised, and is defended upon excellent grounds by many persons who would not poison the idiot. How is this? Where are we to begin to reason, and how far ought we to trust our reason in this matter? This is one of the many questions which show the impossibility of regarding morality as a fixed and definite science. It does and must vary slightly from time to time. All that can be said is, that the morality of a given age is a set of rules based upon and expressing a compromise between different sets of feelings and wishes. One set of passions prompt us to destroy human life under certain circumstances, another set prompt us to spare it under all circumstances. The moral rules which obtain at a given time and place define that mode of guiding and indulging the passions which then and there appears on the whole best calculated to promote the general good as it is then and there conceived. We English in the nineteenth century draw the line just below hanging. Perhaps in the twentieth we shall regulate infanticide, and poison people who suffer under hydrophobia; perhaps, on the other hand, we shall abolish capital punishment; perhaps we shall all, in time, profess Quakerism. All casuistry leads to the conclusion that there is no such thing as what is vaguely called absolute morality. You can make nothing of it except a more or less systematic mass of assumptions.

DOMESTIC AUTOCRACY.

THE theory of family government seems to be undergoing some remarkable modifications which may possibly end in an entire transformation of the popular sentiments on the subject, and the advocates of a strong paternal autocracy may become as few as those of energetic political despotisms. Most people in England, excepting perhaps Mr. Carlyle, have ceased to believe in beneficent tyrants, for, even granting that we could ensure a permanent supply of them, we have learnt that government has other ends than the most vigorous possible despatch of public business. On much the same principle, we are beginning to see more and more clearly that, though the maintenance of a tight rein secures a trimness of appearance and regularity of pace that are irresistibly attractive to minds of a certain mould, yet this outward domestic decorum is very apt to fall away as soon as circumstances have made the slackening of the rein inevitable; and that, even if its permanence could be relied on, it is far from being the highest result we have a right to expect. We no longer wonder how it is that the sons of men of the most rigid piety so often turn out the most incorrigible scamps, and that the daughters of devout mothers grow into the boldest flirts and friskiest matrons. It is now a pretty generally admitted error to attempt to force all young

minds into the same attitude, or confine them to one posture; and nobody is ever surprised to hear that a lad who was only allowed to read one set of books, and was compelled to read them in season and out of season, who never had any opportunity of travelling out of one narrow circle of ideas or infringing a tedious monotony of habits, has made free with the till, or run away with the housemaid, or got into the fastest set in the university and ruined himself for life. We have read somewhere of a wise old lady who, on being consulted by a disquieted mother about the ill success which had attended her strenuous and minute efforts to make her children all that they should be, replied, "My dear, they want a little wholesome neglect." And perhaps, in the cases of nine men out of ten, this wholesome neglect is about the hardest thing that could be asked of them. Almost anybody has the faculty of unremitting attention, but that of discreet indifference is one of the rarest gifts, and this even in people whom in most respects we have the best reason to admire. The very temper which makes a man honestly eager to see everybody in whom he is interested intelligent and virtuous is particularly apt to make him impatient of whatever, in his own view, does not directly and palpably tend to this end; and often, in education, it makes him miss the mark, by preventing him from seeing the great truth that oneness of end is compatible with diversity of means. Some people make life a burden to themselves by over-much pondering on those outbreaks of rude nature which are of such constant occurrence in the lives of all children, and they harass the victims of their care into a chronic fractiousness or priggishness. And yet men of this sort have often a force and directness of mind which, were it not alloyed with an excess of the autocratic element, would furnish the best conceivable base for that unconscious assimilation of character which always takes place between the young and those to whom they are accustomed to look up.

It is not very difficult to see the connexion between this mental strength and the minute despotism which so commonly distorts or enfeeblees its natural effect, any more than it is difficult to recognise that higher culture tends to break it. People who hold very strong views on any subject have a tendency as deep as human nature to urge everybody else to share them. It is a familiar truth that only in the most highly-trained minds does the egotism of fervent convictions fail to override all other considerations. We do not expect a bigot to live in much harmony with people whom he cannot proselytize. For instance, old Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of Methodism, and a most vehement Whig, discovering accidentally that his wife did not say "Amen" to the prayers for the recovery of William III. during his last illness, refused to live with her any longer, and a separation actually took place on this account. If he had been a weaker man, he would not have valued his own opinions sufficiently to make him take any great interest in those of his wife; and if he had been stronger, he would have been rather proud of a wife with sufficient character to hold political views of her own. Strong displays of this kind, while partly due to warmth of belief on some particular point, are also in a certain measure the result of the propensity which the phenologists placed just above and behind the ear, and styled Combativeness, but which philosophers now classify among the sentiments, as the love of power. In John Wesley this love of domestic supremacy was quite as strong as it was in his father, and, being more love of supremacy for its own sake, vented itself in even more audacious forms. "Know me," he says in one of his letters to his jealous wife, "and know yourself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me; of what importance is your character to mankind? If you was buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?" It would be hard to match the lofty self-complacency of this rebuke, but at all events it breathes a certain royal air which raises it above the vulgar selfishness that is very commonly the secret of an autocratic character. Many husbands talk to their wives with quite as much arrogance, but with a great deal less excuse. Wesley's wife was a shrew of the most intolerable sort. She pestered him with venomous calumnies, and even refused to let him have any money in his pocket for fear he should pour it into the laps of depraved women. A man tied to an odious monomania of this kind may be pardoned for telling her bluntly that her instant death would not make the slightest difference either to himself personally or in the general scheme of the universe. But the more commonplace type of domestic autocrat snubs and scolds his wife, not for aspersing his character or trying to keep him short of pocket-money, but simply because he likes to have his own way down to the smallest trifle, and very often his own home happens to be the only place where he has any chance of safely indulging this sentiment.

There is a vast difference among the forms which male egotism assumes. The egotist on a grand scale, who flatters himself that he has discovered the great first principles by which all human conduct ought to be guided, is a far more agreeable person to live with than the fidgety egotist who will insist upon personally regulating the minutest details. The autocracy of an Emperor is not often personally vexatious; it is that of the Maire and the Sous-Préfet which galls the spirit and frets away the life of a nation. So petty autocrats in private life are always the most mischievous and troublesome. One sees a man, who in public is as humble and unassuming as nature fitted

him to be, no sooner get into his own house and with his wife and children, than he undergoes some miraculous process of expansion which transforms him into a portentous combination of Blue-beard and Solon. He is no more like his former self than the beadle before the Board of Guardians is like the same creature bullying paupers in a workhouse. The readiness and authoritative finality of his judgments are only less astounding than the vast variety of the subjects on which he ventures unhesitatingly to pronounce them, or the implicit reverence with which they are received in the family congregation. His listeners exhibit to its largest extent that "dropping-down-deadness" of manner which, according to Sydney Smith, all bishops require in curates and the incumbents of the smaller livings. They look with awe, as if expecting murder or sudden death, upon the more disinterested stranger who perhaps ventures to disturb the unanimity of approval. Or—which is less pleasant for the stranger, though healthier for the family—possibly the autocracy is one "tempered by epigrams." The solemn saw does not pass unchallenged by subdued sarcasm, and the despot's exactions are not conceded without more or less asperity of protest. The lover of constitutional government looks upon these symptoms of a rising of popular spirit with as much satisfaction as he does upon the right of public meeting and a free press. He knows that the time will come when what the despot hates as insubordination will develop itself into a wholesome spirit of independence and self-reliance. We have known the stronger sort of despot quench this by a downright *coup d'état*. By vigorous measures in the way of banishment or imprisonment, promptly enforced, he has succeeded in reducing his household to the desired state of subjection, making himself the sole and immediate arbiter of every detail, from the family religion and politics down to the colour of his wife's bonnet-strings and the amount of starch that is put in the family linen.

Of the effect of this internal absolutism upon children there can be no doubt. Up to a certain age it is obviously necessary. You cannot entrust babies with clasp-knives. But after this, a man who values the future of his children above the transient and rather poor satisfaction of having his own way at every turn, will not forget that *laissez faire* is in most things as much the prime rule of family government as it is of politics. The maxim has exactly the same force in either case. There are very many things which the family sovereign cannot permit in his subjects any more than the State government permits everything; there are many things which the family sovereign is bound to perform for his subjects just as there are many things which the State can do better than the individual. But what his aim ought to be is as obvious as that of the civil government—to fit them for the transition, which must come, from paternal subjection to independence. And for the fulfilment of this aim the first law is *Pas trop gouverner*. A wise man with a candid mind soon sees that domestic autocracy is twice-cursed—it curseth him that rules too much, and it curseth them that are too much ruled. It destroys in the one the proper sense of his exact stature in the scale of the universe, and in the other it crushes out their spirit of self-government and individuality. The character of a family Nero or domestic Dionysius is the very last which one would like to deserve, and it is almost better to run the risk of "crowning the edifice" a little too soon than of gradually contracting into a tame tyrant. Absolutism is always preferable to anarchy, but there is no necessity why a man should either let his family grow up in self-willed and headstrong folly on the one hand, or on the other why he should terrify their souls out of them. Perhaps the most reasonable scheme of the gradual development of infantine liberty is something like this:—First, a stage of minute and intensely centralized despotism, until the subjects have got over the sixth or seventh year of life. Then a monarchy, still absolute, but with a diminution of the centralization and an extension of the sphere of self-government; epigrams to be tolerated in moderation. After fifteen or sixteen, the monarchy becomes limited, until finally the society becomes republican, and the autocrat assumes the dignified character of guide, philosopher, and friend. Of course the parental sovereignty is lodged in the hands of two rulers, who may be compared to the Tycoon and the Mikado—the one attending chiefly to temporal, the other to religious, affairs.

The same general principles apply to domestic rule from the conjugal point of view. The husband who relieves his wife of every duty in life, who supplies her with views, orders her dinners, and adds up the housekeeping books every week, may bestow an ignoble ease upon her while he lives; but, should he die before her, she is left, as her executors or trustees will discover to their cost, in a condition of helplessness far more disastrous than the trifling squabbles incidental to limited domestic monarchies. Novelists often say that all women like men of the autocratic stamp, and they often pair their heroine with a hero of square jaw, thin lips, resolute mien and boldly expressed opinions. According to them, the man who hesitates is lost; and nothing is so odious to women as that moderate and balancing temper which in the eye of the philosopher is so laudable. This may be true enough of school-girls and the sillier sort of grown-up women, but of the majority it is a sheer superficial calumny. Those who maintain such a theory are deceived by appearances. They find that women listen to the shallow talk of arrogant and positive men without impatience or contradiction, but then they should remember that inexhaustible patience is perhaps the one virtue which above all others the present conditions of their existence cannot fail to bring out in women. Of course, if a woman has fallen in love with

a man of this stamp, she will very likely never find out that he is simply a dogmatic blockhead, and may be quite willing to submit to the sternest despotism. But to say that she falls in love with him for the reason that he is dogmatic and despotic is to say that she is out of her mind. Women no doubt get more than their fair share of bullying and snubbing, but it is surely adding insult to injury to pretend to think that they like it.

SIMPLICITY.

THERE is no gift of expression that tells more than simplicity in its right place. A simple style of talking or writing is an engine of power in good hands, enabling them to undertake tasks forbidden to the world at large. It even fits a man for talking or writing about himself, which only persons endowed with the art of being plain, transparent and natural ought ever to attempt. Simplicity, as we would view it here, is by no means a merely moral or negative quality. It is so in some cases, but it is then only noticed or appreciated for its suggestiveness. Children do not admire each other's simplicity, but we admire it in them, because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child is full of meaning to us. It was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating "We are seven," but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet. The weeping child apologizing at sight of the unfolding handkerchief, "My tears are clean," meant no more than the literal sense of his words, but to the hearer they brought thoughts of guileless innocence and of other tears that do leave a stain. After childhood no one can retain a simplicity worthy of admiration without some intellectual power. The unconscious simplicity of a child, when childhood is past, is disagreeable and painful, and is never recognised without a shade of pity or contempt. Manly simplicity is intelligent, and knows what it is about. And though, to win our respect, it must of course be real, it may and often is only one side of a many-sided character; that is, the quality may attach to part, and not to the whole, of a man's nature.

The charm of full-grown simplicity always gains by, and we believe even requires, contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus the style and manners of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable, and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they confound with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendour. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbours; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretence that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. When the Duke of Wellington said publicly, "I should be ashamed to show my face in the streets" under such and such circumstances, the simple phrase, occurring in an important debate, had a noble effect; but there were not many men in whom it would have been becoming to bring forward self in this artless way in the House of Lords. There is no greater testimony to the weight of a name which once made itself known and felt than the manner of speaking of self in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*. Nothing can be more engaging than the simplicity of tone; the touches of personal feeling and recollection, of likes and dislikes, and of self-defence, are given in language the most artless and natural; but the tone would have been inadmissible if the writer had not had a right to rely on his past influence, and on the interest that still attaches to his name. Nobody can write in this way who does not feel that what he says will be well received—that people will care to hear things personal to himself told in the plainest way because it is himself. Very few men could venture to write their life, even though in self-defence, in this fashion. Indeed, if it comes to a venture, it is all over with him. Simplicity of the great sort is serenely confident.

All simplicity, however paradoxical it may sound, ought to conceal something—rank, or achievement, or high purpose, or extensive knowledge, or covert meaning, or a strength of modest purity, or an incorruptible honesty, or a power of self-command; or, in a child, innocence. In mature life it must be backed by some inner sense of worth, or at least by a self-respect founded on just grounds, though, perhaps, never consciously dwelt upon. It should have some touch of the heroic. It is impossible for some people to be simple. They are not great enough; they are born with that foppishness which Dr. Johnson called the bad stamina of the mind, which, like a bad constitution, can never be rectified—"once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb." Indeed, people who are not coxcombs often dare not be simple, because they would feel naked and insignificant; their thoughts must be dressed up to be fit to be seen; in fact, they would not know how to set about it, and could not be simple if they would. Few persons, perhaps, realize the difficulty of mere simplicity of expression. We own it is not

difficult to say "that is a door; this is my desk"; but once pass the region of plain statement of what our senses tell us, and the difficulty begins which most people never get over. Scarcely any conversation is simple. Half the hyperbole of language is no deliberate effort of fancy, and much less is it intentional exaggeration. It is because it is impossible for inaccurate minds to hit the exact truth and describe a thing just as it appeared to them—to express degrees of feeling, to observe measures and proportions, to tell a thing as it happened, and define a sensation as it was felt. They cannot represent themselves just as sick or sorry—pleased, annoyed, or impressed—as they really were. Which of us really manages to do this? Men rely on the universal licence necessary where accuracy is unattainable, and would feel ashamed to go against the popular phraseology in search of a more formal truth; and wisely too, for with the run of people it would be a fastidiousness more nice than wise. Violent efforts to be simple would quench the imagination, without attaining to effective truth. The poor have little of the simplicity attributed to them in books. They have too great a sense of their own insignificance to presume so far. A rustic has felt indisposed and very uncomfortable in the night; how can he or she expect to rouse sympathy for so very common-place an occurrence? And yet it is pleasant to be pitted when we are ill. Therefore he says, "I thought I should have died in the night." He says this not because he really thought so, or really wants you to think so, but because it is the only form he knows likely to make an adequate impression on his hearer. He must know how to analyse sensations before he can tell the simple truth about them. In the same way, the poor are driven to feeble hyperbole, helplessly reiterated, without a notion that it is hyperbole. Thus an old woman wants to say that she has lost her appetite, and tries her hand at expressing her loss. "One bit of cake is oceans—oceans it is—oceans." This seems to her nearer the truth, as her hearer will receive it, than the simple announcement that, whereas once she ate her plain food with a relish, now delicacies cannot tempt her; and probably she is right. Again, uneducated people of a different class never dream of being simple. They talk in great stilted phrases from a mixture of affectation and modesty; simple statement does seem so very bare and unrepresentable as they would manage it. Hence the style of guide-books and penny-a-liners; they must be gorgeous and poetical, or they would fear to collapse into mere inanity. Strong language acts as the irons which hold rickety limbs straight. The Cockney dialect is, for somewhat the same reason, the reverse of simple. Everything is done by implication and allusion; nothing is direct. You require a key of interpretation, and in this elaborateness lies the point. A man loses his personality, and becomes vaguely "a party." He does not stand high in his profession, but he is "A. I." He is not on the point of ruin, but it is "U. P." with him. The person who addresses his friend is not simply "I," "myself," but he conveys the idea mysteriously, as "yours truly." Simplicity is open to all the world, but this recondite speech needs a clue and an accomplice. Vulgarly, as a term of reproach, is never simple. Indeed, it often makes such large demands on the fancy that we only distinguish it from poetry by its different action on the nerves. Intricacy, allusion, and pretence are of its very essence.

Self-instructed persons are rarely simple; nor are those to whom knowledge has not come naturally and by ordinary methods. Hence the terrifying phraseology so common in modern science, and the incursion of new words into our periodical literature; hence too, in old times, the inflation and effect of would-be learned, "superior" women. Really superior perhaps they were, but they had not yet come to the power of taking a simple view of their attainments. When the good woman in a party of blue-stockings whispered to a new-comer "Nothing but conversation is spoke here," she was awed not so much by the thought as by the fine language in which it was wrapped. Nobody is frightened at thought if put into plain terms; we may almost say that nobody feels it to be above him. No one can be simple who knows a little of everything, and nothing thoroughly; nor one who thinks it necessary to be always laying down his principle of action. There are people of this class who cannot for the life of them give a simple answer, but follow the method of the Eastern traveller, who, being asked his name by an Arab Sheikh, began his reply with a history of the creation of the world. Simplicity, in mature action, is knowing what you have to do, and doing it; and, in words, it is knowing what to say, and saying it. Half the eloquence of the world is founded on the reverse precept. The simplicity which gets a man a reputation as a writer is not only saying what he has to say in direct terms, but in the best chosen and the fewest, and withal conveying more than meets the eye, as seeing into the heart of things. Take, for instance, that story told by Addison of the Puritanical Head who, when a youth presented himself for matriculation, examined him, not in his learning, but upon the state of his soul, and whether he was prepared for death. "The boy, who had been bred by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory, so that, upon making his escape from that house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to get through the terrors of it." Nothing but a seeming artlessness of phrase akin to the simplicity of these honest folks could have told such a story well. It is through the same admirable adaptation of style to subject that his Sir Roger de Coverley is what he is. Our older writers sometimes were most felicitous in this vein. We remember a passage in Fuller where he makes us his confidant in the matter of a personal habit displeasing to him—a way he had, when

sitting down to read his Bible, of turning over the leaf to see if the chapter were long or short, and finding himself not unwilling that it should be short. None but a master of style could touch upon such a trick with sufficient gravity for decorum, but not too much for the occasion, or combine an honest shame with an amusement which he intended his reader to share. When it comes to any boast of sharpness or penetration, then the simple style is indispensable. We see it in perfection in Goldsmith, but perhaps a little passage from Gray will be a less familiar instance of what we mean. He writes to a friend:—

In my way I saw Winchester Cathedral again with pleasure, and supped with Dr. Balguy, who, I perceive, means to govern the Chapter. They give 200*l.* a year to the poor of the city. His present scheme is to take away this, for it is only an encouragement to laziness. But what do they mean to do with it? That I omitted to inquire because I thought I knew.

It is a bad sign when there is too great a demand for simplicity—a token of a growing luxury and idleness overtopping themselves. Thus it was when Metastasio wrote. Such was the age that gave birth to Dresden-china shepherdesses and maudlin pastorals. Molière takes this tendency in hand when the inanities of Mascarille and Trissotin excite an enthusiasm in his *Précieuses*. That song which Magdalen would rather have written than *un poème épique*, and which the author dwells on as *façon de parler naturelle*, expressed *innocemment sans malice comme un pauvre mouton*, is only too like the effusions of a dozen authors whose works find place in our Collected Poets, and whose simplicity is divorced at the same time from purity and sense. There was a whole generation of idyls after the pattern of—

A party told me t'other day
That knew my Colin well,
That he should say, that come next May,
But what—I cannot tell!

and all of it in the tone of the "dear simplicity" of the waiting-maid in the *Rivals*.

Simplicity, again, made a great start with Wordsworth. With him it was founded on a deep philosophy, and was the most cherished feature of his genius. He despised every reader who could not or would not see the profound meaning that lurked in *Peter Bell*, where simplicity surely borders on affectation. But though the world made a stand here, he taught men to see depths of thought behind many another childlike effusion. Since the ladies came forward and filled the world with their views of life, we think we observe that simplicity, as an object and ideal, has waned and gone out of fashion again. Like the Germans, "they are profounder than we," and probe too deep into motives for any man's simplicity to stand the ordeal, much less any woman's. Again, they are too "rich" and full to overflowing for their own style to be marked by it, while they inculcate too much self-study for us to be able to get up any illusions. We cannot think of the fairest and the most innocent as being

True as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth,

as we might in revelling in the romances of the last generation. All their virtues are conscious, all their heroines see right through themselves, and us too; and simplicity, whether divine or twaddling, waits for a new development, except where, in some wholly unexpected quarter, it slyly peeps out upon us, takes us by surprise, and once again delights us with the irresistible charm.

ARTILLERY TRIALS.

THE last week was fruitful in artillery experiments, and the results have confirmed in a very marked way the inferences drawn from previous trials. The battery planted against the unfortunate *Lord Warden* target was perhaps the most formidable that has yet been seen at Shoeburyness. The monster 600-pounder, it is true, was not there, and it certainly was not wanted to demolish such plating as that to which the safety of Mr. Reid's wooden iron-clads is to be entrusted; but for the sake of ascertaining the real value of this magnificent cannon, it is absolutely essential that it should be tested somewhat oftener than a dozen times, which, we believe, is about the number of shots which it has fired since it was manufactured, more than a year ago. The essence of gun-testing is, after all, to ascertain the charge which can be used with safety on continuous service, and although the great gun has borne the explosion of 50, 70, and we believe, on one occasion, 90 lbs. of powder, it cannot be accepted as a service-model until it has been exposed to a much more prolonged proof. A tenth part of the money which is being spent in establishing the fact, which every one foresaw, that either Sir W. Armstrong or Mr. Whitworth could produce an almost perfect field-piece, would suffice to solve the most important problem of all—namely, the maximum amount of force which can be got out of our heaviest cannon without causing its own destruction. But though the trials which have been made are very inferior in importance to those which have been neglected, the experiments of last week have taught us something that is really new, and have confirmed previous calculations which were not wholly free from doubt. The conclusion to which earlier trials had pointed was that the resisting power of 43 inches of the best iron properly mounted could be just overcome by about 20 lbs. of powder, and that, for short ranges at any rate, it mattered very little whether the gun was a smooth bore or a rifle, whether the calibre was large or small, or whether the shot, provided it were steel, was comparatively heavy or light. Within moderate limits, the

superior velocity of a light shot about balanced the additional weight of a heavy one, the charge being the same in both cases; and the problem of penetrating a given target seemed to revolve itself into that of constructing a gun strong enough to bear a known charge of powder. The results of the firing in the recent trials are strongly corroborative of this theory. The guns used included Admiral Frederick's 7-inch gun, with a charge of 20 lbs. of powder; the Somerset 9½-inch gun, with a similar charge; a 9½-inch Armstrong, with a 44-pound charge; and a 10½-inch 300-pounder, which was loaded with 45 lbs. of powder. Every one of these guns succeeded, as might have been anticipated, in penetrating the skin of 4½ inches of iron which formed the outer layer of the target. The solid shot fired with the lowest charge failed to pierce the second layer of iron, though the shell from the Somerset gun did so much havoc as to make a bad leak in a target including altogether six inches of iron and nearly two feet six inches of English oak. A second shell, so well aimed as to enter the cavity made by the first, crushed the backing of the target to splinters, and proved that even against a piece weighing only one-third more than our old 68-pounder, and considered to be quite manageable as a broad-side gun, the ponderous casing of the *Lord Warden* will be far from a sufficient protection. That the shots from Sir W. Armstrong's larger weapons would be driven clean through the target, backing and all, was almost a certainty, a 44-pound charge, at a short range, being far more than equal to such a task; but both with these and the lighter guns the resistance was rather more easily overcome than on any previous trial. In one instance, a 220-pound shot not only pierced the target, but, after passing through a bank beyond it, is said to have travelled a mile out to sea.

The lesson to be learned from the whole series of experiments is, that this last form of target is inferior in the distribution of the iron and wood to many that have preceded it. It may be doubted whether in any case strength is gained by merely dividing a given quantity of iron into two plates, though, with the addition of transverse layers of iron, this arrangement has proved, both in Mr. Chambers' and the *Bellerophon* target, an advantageous way of distributing a given weight of metal. One undoubted advantage of a second skin of iron, when placed inside of all, is the protection which it affords against splinters in every case where the shot fails to pierce the whole target. The *Lord Warden* plating, if it has been correctly described, seems to be as little recommended by theory as by actual practice. Its six inches of iron are divided between two skins, one of 4½ and the other of 1½ inches; and it does not appear that any transverse iron is introduced. The second skin, moreover, is imbedded in the oak backing, between the main armour-plate and the back of the target, so as to afford no security against splinters in the case of any shot which can pass through the two iron plates and about one-third of the timber. This departure from the conclusions deducible from former experiments will be most unfortunate if the progress made with the *Lord Warden* is such as to preclude any improvement in her armour; and however interesting the trial of this or any other novelty might be, it is difficult to understand on what grounds it can have been expected to prove an advance on the targets which have already been tested and applied. In the result, it certainly has proved very inferior, although the materials of the specimen target are described as being of the very best quality.

Notwithstanding that no new light has been thrown on the methods of constructing defensive armour, these trials have developed a new invention by Captain Palliser, of the 18th Hussars, which promises to bear the most important fruits. Hitherto, cast-iron projectiles have been found utterly worthless against armour-plating, and the only successes which have been obtained from the time of Mr. Whitworth's first victory over the plating of the *Trusty* have been due entirely to the use of steel shot. Cost what it may, a projectile which will go through a ship's side must be a more economical engine of warfare than one which only pounds itself to fragments, but the expense of steel shot and shell is so enormous that an effective substitute is one of the great desiderata of gunnery service. This Captain Palliser seems to have discovered in his chilled cast-iron shot. The invention, like most good inventions, is of the simplest possible kind. Instead of casting the shot in sand and allowing the surface to cool gradually, the metal is poured into a cold iron mould so as to cool the surface with the utmost possible rapidity long before the interior has become hardened. In this way a ball is turned out which, to judge from the late trials, combines almost the hardness of steel with the destructive effects of a segment shell. With a charge of only 20 lbs., several of these shots from the 7-inch gun went clean through the 4½-inch armour and deep into the backing beyond, and, after having done this creditable amount of work, crumbled into fragments which would prove as mischievous as grape. Probably it will be found that the penetration so obtained falls a little short of that of steel, as it is clear that the force expended in ultimately crushing the shot is so much power lost for the purpose of piercing the target; but if the cast-iron shot should be found to bear still heavier charges with the same proportionate results, it may prove for many purposes an admirable and simple substitute for steel shell, at perhaps not more than a tenth of the cost of this last luxury of modern warfare. Another discovery of the same ingenious officer is said to have solved the problem of ren-

dering an old smooth-bore gun strong enough to bear conversion into rifled cannon. Neither Sir W. Armstrong nor Mr. Whitworth has succeeded in overcoming this difficulty, and if Captain Palliser proves as successful with his guns as with his shot, he will be entitled to rank among the very first of our scientific artillerymen. It is rather singular that a lawyer, a tool-maker, and a cavalry officer should have apparently distanced all those who have made the construction and use of artillery their profession; but the fact has an encouraging side to it, as showing that from whatever quarter they may proceed, really valuable improvements are certain, in course of time, to force their way to the front.

While these peaceful experiments have been going on in our own service, some little new light is supposed to have been obtained from the American sea-fight in the Channel. The main difference between the armaments of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* consisted in the two 11-inch Dahlgrens which the Federal ship carried against the 7-inch Blakeley and an 8-inch smooth-bore of the *Alabama*. The plating of the *Kearsarge* with chain armour destroyed the experimental value of the combat; though one would have expected that a 7-inch rifled gun, if good for anything, would have found no very formidable obstacle in so ineffective a species of armour. But even if both ships had been ordinary wooden vessels, the superiority of the Dahlgren shells over the smaller rifled shot proves very little. There can be no doubt of the advantage of size in a shell, provided that sufficient penetrating power is retained, and the large calibre and low charges of the American guns possibly give them a superiority over any other gun for engaging wooden ships at moderate ranges. But this is not the great problem of the day, and nothing has yet occurred to shake the confidence felt in England in the principle, which our artillerymen have adopted as an axiom, that the gun which is fired with the heaviest charge is certain to be the most effective in penetrating the iron-clad ships which will henceforth constitute the strength of conflicting navies. What the end of the great competition between gun and armour may be it would be dangerous to predict, but there is reason to believe that our experiments are for the most part in the right direction, and that, as yet at any rate, no other nation has surpassed our progress.

AIIDS TO BETTING.

THE amount of betting business done upon commission must be very large, if we may judge of its extent from the numerous advertisements which appear in the sporting newspapers. In this, as in other businesses, there are probably many operators who do not advertise at all, but depend upon an established connexion, and look down upon advertisers with serene contempt. Then there are those who simply advertise their names and addresses, while others publish in the newspapers lists showing the odds which they offer against all prominent horses engaged in the principal races of the season. The most remarkable class of Turf advertisers are, however, those who offer to advise subscribers how to make their bets. They repeat from week to week the most astounding boasts of what they have accomplished upon past races, and promises equally astounding of what they will accomplish upon races yet to come. The extent to which these advertisers profess to be able to look into the future is even more surprising than the confidence with which they offer their predictions. The Goodwood Stakes and Cup, which will be run for in the last week of July, have been reduced, if we can believe the advertisers, to certainty more than a month beforehand. The name of the outsider who is to beat Blair Athol, General Peel, and Scottish Chief for the St. Leger may be learned by anybody who chooses to devote thirteen postage-stamps to acquiring this valuable information. Some advertisers actually promise to put those who believe in them in the way of getting immediately 100 to 1 about the winners of the great autumn handicaps at Newmarket, regarding which there are at this moment absolutely no materials at all for speculation even of the wildest character. "To those who feel the want of a successful and faithful adviser on Turf matters," and who have omitted to read the advertisement of Mr. Neville of the City Road, it will be useful to mention that Mr. Neville's selections for the Northumberland Plate and the St. Leger are now ready, and he believes them to be some of the best things he ever sent out. Mr. Neville's motto for Ascot was, "Invest freely and fear not," and he has heartfelt pleasure in congratulating his numerous subscribers on the result of his advice for Ascot, having had the honour and pleasure of winning for them three out of the four races he advised upon. Mr. Neville's great experience and extensive means of procuring the very best information render equal success certain for the future, and his assistance for the remainder of the season may be obtained at the trivial cost of 10s. 6d. Another advertiser, Mr. John Osborn, who is in no danger of being mistaken for the well-known trainer, favours the world by stating that 33 Wardour Street is the place where you can get the best information and win most money. By applying at this address, "some certainties" might have been obtained for the Hampshire and other meetings held during the present week. There is still time to get 35 to 1 about the Northumberland Plate winner, who is to discover himself next week; and 40 to 1 is promised for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, as well as "the certain winner of the Leger at a long shot." Messrs. Deakin and Knowles are prepared to name for the Northumberland Plate, Goodwood Stakes, and Cup, horses which are sure to win, "all at long prices." Mr. James Bridgen believes

he has one of the best things ever known for the Northumberland Plate, and at a good remunerative price. Messrs. Wells and Benton will back their selections for 500*l.* against any other Turf prophet. They have a horse for the Northumberland Plate which "will walk in, and could not lose if he had 7 lbs. more to carry." Ilex offers to name the first three horses for the same race, and adds, "Send to me at once and win a fortune." Besides the Northumberland Plate, he has certainties for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, so that his subscribers may win 1,000*l.* by a small outlay. Charles Adams announces that the Goodwood Stakes and Cup are as good as over. "My St. Leger horse is at 33 to 1. Don't back Blair Athol or General Peel; my horse is sure to beat them both." W. Dawson offers "the winner of the Northumberland Plate a certainty," and adds, "None but gentlemen need apply." John Hopwood & Co. inform us that "the Northumberland Plate and St. Leger are as good as over." Mr. Gray has a certainty for the first-named race. "Nothing can live the distance with this clipper." Mr. Baker surpasses all competitors in the moderation of his charge, while equally confident with the rest in his predictions. His selection for the St. Leger will be sent to any gentleman who will transmit to him his real name and address, together with two stamped envelopes and a promise of a "five*r*" if the horse wins. Mr. Baker adds, "Pray don't send, if you have no intention of acting honestly." Rollin announces that "his outsider is sure to win the Doncaster St. Leger." A provincial advertiser shows a modesty which is not found in London, but it is to be observed that he dates his offer to name "the probable winner (an outsider at long odds) of the St. Leger" from Newmarket, where it would seem impossible for any prophet to live long without learning to feel some distrust of "certainties" in horse-racing. It may be conjectured that this advertiser's personal experience affords no exception to the rule that no prophet obtains honour in his own country. "The wife of a trainer" offers, on your sending her sixty postage stamps, and pledging your honour to secrecy, to name the winners of the Northumberland Plate and Liverpool Cup; and if you will go as far as ten shillings, you may hear of two horses that are in special reserve for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup.

Turning now to the advertisements of betting agents who do not offer you their advice, but simply undertake to execute what you have determined, it will be seen that, if you can succeed in making satisfactory selections among competing "certainties" for the Northumberland Plate, you will have no difficulty in beginning the process which imaginative advertisers describe as "coining money." Several agents advertise the odds which they offer to give or procure against the more prominent horses engaged in the Northumberland Plate, and they offer the market odds against other horses. Whether you desire to back a horse absolutely or for a place, you may be accommodated by these agents, whose usual rule appears to be to give you for a place about one-fourth of the odds which they offer against a horse's winning absolutely. Thus the odds offered against General Peel winning the St. Leger are 4 to 1, and even money is offered against his getting a place. The majority of these advertisers are careful to state that they execute commissions "by letter only." They doubtless intend or hope by this precaution to avoid the penalties of the statute passed eleven years ago for the suppression of betting-houses. Some of them, however, go to the extreme verge of the law, if they do not step beyond it. It is enacted by 16 and 17 Vict. c. 119, s. 1, that no house, office, room, or other place, shall be opened or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof betting with persons resorting thereto; and another section imposes a penalty not exceeding 100*l.* upon offenders against the foregoing enactment. When a firm, which we will call Messrs. Robinson, advertise that they will execute commissions on races to any amount on receipt of cash, and that they may be seen daily at an address stated, there does not seem to be much opening for doubt that, if they do business with customers at this address, they incur the penalty of the statute against betting-houses. Even the more numerous class of cautious advertisers, who receive commissions by letter only, ought not to make too sure that they are keeping beyond the range of a statute which contains some very comprehensive clauses. It is enacted by s. 7, that any person exhibiting or publishing any placard, handbill, card, writing, sign, or advertisement whereby it shall be made to appear that any house, office, room, or place is opened, kept, or used for the purpose of making bets or wagers, shall incur a penalty not exceeding 30*l.* It might possibly be contended with success that this clause only applies to an advertisement in the nature of a placard on the house or office, and not to an advertisement in a newspaper; but it is not certain that a court of law would thus narrow the construction of the statute. However, it seems that the Legislature would have gone far enough if it prohibited the opening of what might fairly be called public shops for betting, without seeking to interfere with the private operations of commission-agents. If the Legislature encourages racing, as, to a minute and scarcely appreciable extent, it does by its slender grant of money for Queen's Plates, it follows that the Legislature should not wholly prohibit betting, which is the inevitable accompaniment of racing, and which furnishes one of the most powerful of existing encouragements to horse-breeding. It may therefore be assumed that the advertising commission-agents are safe, although they sail very near the wind.

Supposing it should turn out, after a few trials, that advertised certainties at 1*s.* 1*d.* each are delusions; that it was not coining

money to get on the clipper for the Northumberland Plate; that the winners of the Goodwood Stakes and Cups had not been "spotted" a month beforehand; and that the outsider for the St. Leger, if existent, was undiscovered—the question would arise whether there were any other means by which a little money might be won upon the Turf. "A fortune for 1*s.*," or the way to win thousands of pounds without the slightest trouble, is rather too golden in its promise; and besides, the price of the "highly-celebrated work" which, with postage, comes to 1*s.* 1*d.*, recalls disagreeably the memory of exploded "certainties at long odds." But is there no more moderate and feasible-looking project for drawing to our proper use some small portion of that vast sum of money which undeniably changes owners upon the Turf? *The Hand-book of Betting*, by "Mathematician," price 2*s.* 6*d.*, seems to hold out a prospect of moderate winnings by the application of sure principles. A writer who undertakes to teach inexperienced betters how to make their books and how to keep them, would appear to deserve attention. But, alas! on perusal it turns out that "Mathematician" offers us nothing for our money except a few simple rules for calculating chances, and some elementary exercises in vulgar fractions. Done for a shilling, and done again for half-a-crown, must be our report of the result of our endeavours to learn how to win a little money on the Turf. There is almost nothing useful in "Mathematician's" book, except the motto which he takes from Juvenal—

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia—

which is quite as applicable to Turf speculation as to any other branch of human enterprise. If I take 20 to 1 about a Derby horse in the autumn, and lay 10 to 1 against the same horse in the spring, I stand to win 10*l.* and to lose nothing on the horse. "By betting and hedging in this manner upon the horses all round, as one of them must win, so also must I." This conclusion of "Mathematician" is undeniable, and the only difficulty is to put it into practical application. He suggests what he considers a more advantageous mode of proceeding—namely, to give the odds against certain horses individually, and then to back them together against the field. "Suppose," he says, "that the odds against two horses are respectively 7 to 3 and 9 to 4, then the true odds on these two horses against the field would be 79 to 51, or nearly 8 to 5 in their favour. No uninitiated better would suspect this; he would readily back the field at evens;" and the disciples of "Mathematician" have nothing else to do but to make what advantage they can of their superior knowledge. It is to be feared that they would not make much even when the suggestion possessed—if it ever did—the merit of novelty. But although "Mathematician's" book appears in a "new and revised edition," it bears unmistakable signs of having been written several years ago. The sum of the practical advice to be extracted from it, is, that we should be prudent in our dealings on the Turf, and keep accurate accounts of them. The only advice which could possibly be better than this would be to have no dealings on the Turf at all.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

THE Ordnance Survey of England and Wales having been completed as far as the field work is concerned, the present seems a fitting opportunity for giving a short account of this great national undertaking. Of the many who make use of the Ordnance maps, and who appreciate their accurate representation of the face of the country, few are acquainted with the steps by which the results they see before them have been accomplished. They are little conscious of the vast amount of preliminary labour which has been expended in the early stages of the survey, or of the ingenious methods adopted in order to counteract or compensate the various sources of error by which the surveyor is beset from the elements without, or the imperfection of the instruments with which he has to work. Fortunately for him, the most difficult operation—the accurate measurement of a base line—is only required once for all; and this having been accomplished with the necessary accuracy, all other lines and distances between conspicuous points are determined by calculations founded on the observation of horizontal angles. By this process—that is, by having a base or side of a triangle either measured, or calculated, from the extremities of which angles are taken in conspicuous points so as to form new triangles—the whole region to be measured is ultimately spread over with a network of triangles, by means of which the places of less importance are determined.

The first base line, measured on Hounslow Heath by General Roy in 1784, was undertaken mainly with the object of ascertaining the difference of longitude between the Observatories of Paris and Greenwich. The use of this base line, however, was afterwards extended so as to form the groundwork of a trigonometrical survey of the kingdom; and it was subsequently re-measured by Colonel Williams, in 1791. A more convenient base, however, was required, and Salisbury Plain was fixed upon by Major-General Mudge and Mr. Dalby as offering the needful advantages. From the measurement of this base by these officers and their assistants, in 1794, the trigonometrical survey may be considered to have commenced. The length of the line is 6.93 miles, and the respective terminations are marked by guns sunk vertically into the ground. One of these guns is at Old Sarum, which has thus acquired an additional celebrity to that which it enjoyed before the Reform Bill. This base was measured with a steel chain.

A second base was afterwards measured on the eastern shore of

Lough Foyle, in the North of Ireland, by Major-General Colby, who for twenty-seven years superintended the operations of the survey, and during whose time by far the greater portion of the triangulation of Great Britain and Ireland was accomplished. This base, which is 7.89 miles in length, was measured with an apparatus invented by this officer, and known as "Colby's compensation bars." The construction of these bars cannot be here explained, but the object of the inventor was to avoid, by a self-adjusting process, the variations in length due to changes in temperature during the operation of measuring the base. In measuring with the steel chain, a certain amount of error was inevitable from this cause, notwithstanding the greatest precautions to register the changes and to correct the length of the base accordingly; so that, on triangulating back from the Lough Foyle base to that of Salisbury Plain, the results exhibited a slight discrepancy. It therefore became necessary to remeasure the base on Salisbury Plain with the compensation bars, when it was found that the difference between the two measurements amounted to 3.626 feet—a difference so small, in a length of nearly seven miles, as to prove the marvellous accuracy of both. Several other lines have been measured for verification, but those of Lough Foyle and Salisbury have been the bases for all the trigonometrical distances determined in the survey of the United Kingdom.

The network of triangles was completed in 1858, and the measurements and calculations employed in its construction are detailed in a large work drawn up by Captain A. R. Clarke, R.E., under the direction of Colonel Sir H. James, R.E. The network extends over the whole surface of land and sea from St. Agnes Lighthouse off the Scilly Isles, to Saxavord at the extreme north of the Hebrides, and westward to the remotest headland of Kerry. Stations were erected on the highest elevations and most prominent points of the country; and in the Eastern counties, where hills are few, or at least ill-defined, the towers and spires of churches have afforded the required points of observation. On the top of the cross of London's great cathedral "a cradle" was perched at an elevation of 417 feet, with its observer and his instruments, from whence the horizon was swept for many a mile around. From the tops of the loftiest mountains observations on other mountain-tops were taken to very long distances, and the sides of the triangles are consequently of great length. The longest is 111 miles across the Irish Sea, from Sca Fell in Cumberland to Slieve Donard in Downshire, but there are several others which only fall a little short of this, as those between Sca Fell and Snowdon, and Snowdon and Slieve Donard. Weeks have sometimes been spent in watching for a day till the atmosphere became sufficiently transparent for these long sights, and it will give some idea of the extent of these observations when it is stated that the sum of the sides of the triangles erected on the original bases and their secondaries amount to ten times the radius of our earth. The angles of the principal stations have been measured with Ramsden's 3-feet and 2-feet theodolites—instruments of such accuracy that the sum of the three angles taken by observation rarely differs from the true sum (180°) by as much as 3.4 seconds.

During the progress of the survey, the altitudes of most of the principal trigonometrical stations have been determined, either by levelling upwards from the margin of the sea, or by observation of angles of elevation. It became a question, however, to what plane of reference all these altitudes should be referred so as to be uniform throughout. Up to 1842 the datum which had been adopted for the contour lines of the Irish survey was that of low-water of spring-tides, whereas in England the datum was the mean level of ordinary tides. It was necessary to determine whether each of these planes of reference was equally constant, or which was the more variable. For this purpose General Colby undertook a series of observations in the summer of 1842, at intervals, round the Irish coast, the stations being connected by levelling. The result of these observations went to show that the level of low-water of spring-tides sometimes varied as much as six feet, while that of ordinary tides seldom varied as much as half that amount, showing the superiority of this latter datum. Henceforward the mean height of mean tides was adopted as the plane of reference for the North of England and Scotland.

While on the subject of the altitudes of mountains, we may here correct an erroneous impression which was propagated some few years back, and probably still lingers in some minds, with reference to the comparative heights of Ben Nevis and Ben Macdui in Aberdeenshire. It was stated that this latter mountain was discovered by the Ordnance Surveyors to be really higher than Ben Nevis, hitherto regarded as the monarch of British mountains. How the report originated we are not aware, but it is altogether groundless, as the relative heights of the two mountains were found to be as follows:—Ben Nevis, 4,406.3 feet, and Ben Macdui, 4,295.6 feet, so that the former exceeds its rival in elevation by upwards of 100 feet. In the measurement of the height of Ben Macdui, a case occurred showing the extreme accuracy attained by the surveyors. The height was ascertained by three experiments—namely, by levelling down the eastern and western flanks, and by computation; in each of these cases the results agreed with one another *within two inches*.

The Parliamentary Report for 1863 announces the completion of the topographical survey over the whole of England and Wales, though the maps of parts of Northumberland and Cumberland are not yet published. This is an announcement which would be received with greater satisfaction if it were not tolerably certain that a large portion of the Southern and Midland Counties will

require a fresh survey. When we compare the maps of the North of England, lately issued, with those of the South which were the first published, we cannot fail to be struck with the great superiority of the former over the latter. And this extends, not only to the artistic work of hill-shading and representing the landscape features, but also to the topographical details. But there is still another point remaining with reference to the scales to which the maps are constructed. While the maps of the Southern and Midland Counties are published only on the scale of 1 inch to a mile, those of the six Northern Counties, together with Scotland and Ireland, are drawn to scales of 1 inch, 6 inches, and even 25 inches to a mile. Now it can scarcely be affirmed that Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and South Wales, with their great coal and iron-trades, have a less claim to 6 inch maps than Westmoreland or Cumberland, which have for the most part no trade, and but a small population; and besides, those counties of the South which have helped to bear the expense of providing the larger maps for the North will be entitled to reciprocal advantages. We are not in a position to assert, in case the 6-inch scale is ultimately extended over the whole of England and Wales, that a fresh survey will be required; but we have no doubt whatever that considerable alterations and additions will require to be made to the original field-work, together with the engraving of a new series of maps. The changes which have arisen in some districts within a quarter of a century amount almost to a revolution.

While the elevations and depressions on the 1-inch maps are represented by shading, the changes of level are indicated on the 6-inch maps by contour lines, traced by levelling at vertical distances of 25 feet from each other. Possessed of such maps, it will readily be understood with what ease the general course of a proposed railway, road, or canal may be marked out before the ground has even been visited. The contour lines in coal-mining districts are frequently liable to error by the subsidence of the ground, owing to the extraction of the mineral; but whenever this happens there can be no difficulty in correcting the lines by levelling between the nearest bench marks under which no coal has been extracted.

The present progress of the survey, under the direction of Sir H. James, R.E., cannot but be considered satisfactory. From the rate at which the field work progresses year by year, and new maps are published, it is evident that operations are being pushed forward with vigour; and Scotland, which for a long time had cause of complaint, is now receiving its just share of attention. From the Report for 1863 we find that the plans of the two northernmost counties—Northumberland and Cumberland—on the scales of 6 and 25 inches to a mile, are now in course of publication; while the engraving of the eight remaining sheets of the 1-inch map of England and Wales "is proceeding as rapidly as the nature of the work admits of its being done." In Scotland the whole of the country south of the Grampians has been surveyed, and for the most part drawn on the scales of 25 and 6 inches to a mile, together with the Isles of Arran, Rhé, and Lewis; and on the 1-inch scale the maps of the district south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde have been either published or drawn. The hill-shading of some of these maps, especially that which contains Edinburgh and its suburbs, has been justly admired.

The sister isle has some reason to be proud of the position she occupies in reference to the Ordnance Survey, as the maps of Ireland are the first to be completed. This we believe to be owing, in some measure, to the exertions of the late Major-General Portlock, R.E., who was as distinguished for his attainments in natural history as for the high position he occupied in his profession. The whole of the maps on the 6-inch scale are published, but it has been found necessary to submit those of Ulster to a process of revision, for the purpose of local valuation and assessment, in compliance with a requisition from Sir R. Griffiths. The whole of the 1-inch map is also published in outline, but the hill-shading of a large portion is still incomplete.

It is probable that some of us may live to see the completion of the two great works of the Ordnance and Geological Surveys—the one illustrating the surface, the other the mineral structure, of the kingdom. Taken in conjunction, they will prove of inestimable value to future generations, and will probably be regarded as among the most creditable achievements of the science and industry of the nineteenth century.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1864.

THE intelligent stranger who would gauge the present condition of English, and in particular of London, architecture by the architectural exhibitions of the current season would find himself considerably misled. The reason may be that working and drawing do not go well together, but the fact is, that an epoch of something which really looks like the beginning of a healthy revival is marked by a more than usually jejune display both in Conduit Street and Trafalgar Square. The blood of the martyrs, as we know, is the seed of the Church; and so it has turned out that Lord Palmerston's *auto da fé* of Mr. Scott has been followed by a marked triumph of those architectural principles which the gay Premier strove to extinguish under the obnoxious name of Gothic. What is more astounding is, that the persecutors are becoming the first converts, although their confession of faith may still be halting and incomplete. We know that all those incidents of real and variously coloured

material, foliage unfettered by Vitruvian prescriptions, broken outlines, lofty external visible roofs, outside forms indicating the internal construction, metal work and ceramics largely used about the outside—which contribute to make Gothic stink in the nostrils of the pure classical architects—have now, with very slight modification, been borrowed from Gothic by that newer eclectic school which has succeeded to the classicists' position without inheriting their principles. Accordingly, the conflict between the two parties, which in the good old days of Pugin and Basevi was a real honest Whig and Tory faction fight, is now very rapidly assuming the aspect of that which, on a larger field, simmers on between the Conservative Liberals and the Liberal Conservatives. We do not pretend to think that the condition of matters is permanent or satisfactory. New Gothic, in its dread of pedantry, is often capricious; new non-Gothic is apt to flaunt the elements of diverse styles glued, and not welded, together. But, if we accept the age as one of transition, the spectacle which it offers of architectural energy is far from being unsatisfactory. It is indeed the fashion to say that taste in England is hopeless, but we denounce this doctrine as the cynic's excuse for his own laziness. It is true that constitutional government works most crankily when artistic questions turn up, because there are ten legislators who have some knowledge of politics to one who has skimmed art principles. The result is that the game of those who job in art is an easier and safer one than that of political jobbing. Even a worm, however, will turn; and the Dilkoosha division of last year, and the National Gallery one of the present Session, indicate that on art questions the House can sometimes blunder into a right conclusion. Thanks to these decisions and to Mr. Cowper's patronage, the smooth plausibilities of Captain Fowke's domed bazaar behind the Horticultural Gardens, to which Mr. Gladstone proposes to banish the Natural History Collections of the British Museum, lie stranded and forgotten before the fact of their existence had made itself felt.

To turn from what never will be to what has already been built, the big hotel mania claims the first attention of the student of architectural phenomena as displayed in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. A candid friend might draw sage inferences from the fact that, after having tried its hand at churches, at Parliament-houses, and at Town-halls, the new architecture of the age was fain at last to put out its energies in the construction of monster taverns. To us the change seems full of promise. A movement becomes an assured success when it passes from the schools to the forum, from the patronage of the enlightened few to that of the practical many. If John Bull sees his way to eat and sleep in a palace, as well as to pray in a minster and to litigate in a mediæval hall, it is conclusively proved that John Bull, with all his pretensions to homeliness, is turning æsthetic in his riper and wiser years. It is well to abuse the big hotels which are growing up in every large city as American inventions, and to contrast their wholesale appointments with the more private comforts of the well-remembered Green Man or Saracen's Head. But their bulk follows the law of nature. With quicker and cheaper journeying, larger hosteleries become a necessity; and as the rail is to the road, so the hotel is to the tavern. Largest and most conspicuous of these constructions is Mr. Edward Barry's Charing Cross Hotel, whose effigy (777) stands in the Royal Academy, not many yards from the huge reality. With much eclecticism of style, this structure is decidedly one of the most remarkable which have been raised in London in late days, from the boldness of its mass, the rich variety of its sky-line, and the experimental use of decorative materials, although unhappily no inconsiderable portion of the details of the lower part are run in compe. But, viewed from the National Gallery or from Cockspur Street, the hotel successfully asserts the dignity of its size in comparison even with such a building as Northumberland House. No more remarkable instance of the improved spirit of the time could well be quoted than the fact that the Railway Company should have taken advantage of the name and site to devote the open court before the hotel to a revival of Edward III.'s Eleanor Cross at Charing, which Mr. Barry is carefully carrying out from the drawings of the original, which still exist (R. A. 807). The man who would have prophesied such a portent in 1844 would have hopelessly ruined his credit for common-sense. It is fortunate, as regards the general effect, that the prevalent style of the building should be near of kin to Gothic, or else this dead-alive would have felt itself strangely out of place.

Inferior in its details to the Charing Cross Hotel, but still of commanding size, the pile with which Mr. Giles (in concert, we believe, with Mr. Murray) has filled up the vacant space at the bottom of Portland Place already approaches completion. No better gauge of its height exists than the emphasis with which it terminates the long vista of the central avenue of the Regent's Park, and the complete dwarfing which it inflicts on Mr. Nash's church. Mere bulk is, of course, in itself a vulgar attribute; but the habitual absence, on the other side, of such a conspicuous element of proportion as height in the public buildings of a town of imperial dignity can hardly be acquitted of meanness. Against this meanness these hotels are a protest, and we accept them accordingly.

Two drawings by Mr. Cundy, Junior (R. A. 760, 761), entitled Lower and Upper Grosvenor Gardens, are the key to a remarkable demolition of small shops and inferior dwelling-houses which the most careless lounge between Buckingham Palace and the

Grosvenor Hotel must have noticed during this season. Street after street is placarded with notices of removal, as if a railway station were about to take their place. But a Lord, and not a Company, is here the destroyer. Lord Westminster's leases are about to fall in, and the proprietor is large-minded enough to take advantage of the opportunity by preparing a plan for a stately reconstruction, in which immediate profit will be subordinate to the general artistic character of the new quarter. Similar razias, under the same circumstances, are also contemplated by Lord Westminster at the top of Grosvenor Place, between the Hospital and Halkin Street, and also about Hertford Street, Mayfair. Here the houses are of a higher class, but in proportion as mean as those of Arabella Row. Mr. Cundy's designs for the latter are, in their lower stories, little more than repetitions of the old Belgravian type. In compensation, however, their roofs display much varied sky-line. But the selection of the architects for the entire work is not, we believe, as yet finally settled. We have but one misgiving as to this great work—Where are the little people to go whom the new big mansions will displace? No doubt the portentous growth of suburban London down the railway lines unobtrusively opens out a large pick of empty habitations in middle London to all dislodged householders: while the gentle-folks have yielded such thoroughfares as Baker Street to the shopkeepers. But yet no town can be satisfactorily rebuilt unless better houses are impartially provided for all classes, and, in the case of London, common sense shows that the extension must hereafter be upwards in the altitude of the buildings, and the frequent substitution of flats for small self-contained habitations. The improvement of the shop architecture of the town is one to which we can here only make a passing allusion. Such structures as those which Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, Marshall and Snelgrove, Redmayne, Emmanuel, Gylby, and the proprietors of the Thatched House, are at this moment constructing at the West End, and the Skinners' Company in the City, are proofs that the union of architecture and sculpture is beginning to pay. We give twenty years for the bit-by-bit rebuilding of the main thoroughfares.

Liverpool has made a spasmodic effort, and invited the architects of England to compete for the rebuilding of its well-known Exchange building, to the immediate profit of Conduit Street, which has lodged no small number of the competitive drawings. Among them is the prize design by Mr. T. H. Wyatt (20), an enriched Renaissance mass with domered roofs. The interior of the newsroom (21)—an oblong apartment—will, we doubt not, be convenient, but it wants originality of treatment. Of the great work of Northern England, Mr. Waterhouse's Assize Courts at Manchester—now nearing completion—the present exhibitions give no sign. This building will, we believe, be an epoch in the history of the architecture of our age, proving, as it does—more completely than the Houses of Parliament, because designed at a time of riper experience and in a purer style—that modern administrative uses and mediæval architecture fit well together. We shall not attempt a description of this building, which may well claim to stand in competition with the noblest town-halls of the Low Countries and of Germany. The vast and picturesque exterior might have concealed a crowded, ill-arranged interior. It so happens that the inside is symmetrically and conveniently laid out, the stone-staircases wide and easy, the corridors roomy, the windows broad and cheerful, the chambers high, the two principal court-rooms spacious and ornate, and the *salle de pas perdue* a noble apartment. Mr. Waterhouse is the first architect we have ever met with who has satisfactorily solved the problem of lighting a Gothic passage by skylights. His expedient is very simple, that of spanning the corridor with a series of acutely-pointed stone arches, so as to break up the extent of top glass, and frame it between the successive arches. Mr. Waterhouse's success in this grand structure is the more important, as we fear the cause of Gothic may be damaged in London by the misplaced capriciousness of the Strand Music Hall, which a young aspirant, Mr. Keeling, has produced.

In church architecture the Exhibitions are not as rich as in former years. But we must mention with much praise a very dignified design which Mr. Street has sent to the Architectural Exhibition (147, 154) for a new church at Clifton. Our only objection to the building is one of convenience, not of art. The aisles assume the form of a series of stone-roofed gables, resting inside on horizontal beams of stone. The idea is good, but we fear that the result will hardly repay the labour. In the Royal Academy, Mr. Wray (758, 782), a local architect, exhibits a church which he is building at Calcutta, in which he ingeniously provides for the church by turning the aisles as it were inside out, and converting them into an external cloister, after the fashion of that portion of the transept of Westminster Abbey which abuts upon the cloisters. The most meritorious church with which London has been enriched within the last year—that at Vauxhall by Mr. Pearson—only puts in an appearance at Trafalgar Square by a sketch for a portion of the decoration. It is the first modern church in London which has been groined throughout, the material of the vaulting being brick with stone ribs. There is no chancel arch, and a remarkable feeling of spaciousness is created by the *coup d'œil* terminating in a semicircular apse. A spacious chancel aisle, vaulted from a single central shaft, is quite in the spirit of the old cathedral builders; and indeed the whole feeling of the church is that of a minster, so treated as to avoid the pettiness which generally marks a large thing copied in small. While the architecture is decidedly

Gothic, the details of foliage are Romanesque. We do not defend this innovation, but we confess that, in the present instance, it has not proved a failure. Outside, the apse recalls the contour of the basilica of Northern Italy. In seeing this church we were much reminded of a very remarkable one which has just been built in Amsterdam for the Roman Catholics, by M. Cuypers, a young Dutch architect of great promise. This artist has had the boldness to provide for his congregation by two stories of triforium, each suited for congregational use, and to groin in brick not only these two triforia, but the aisles underneath them and the main roof of the church above. It required no little courage to raise four stories of groining in a city built on piles. If the building stands firm, the architectural result will amply justify the experiment. We are glad to hear that M. Cuypers has recently obtained in successive competitions two public works in Amsterdam—the new picture gallery, and the monument commemorative of the restoration of the House of Orange in 1814.

In connexion with the Architectural Exhibitions of the season, we may notice that the South Kensington authorities have furnished the Boilers with an exhibition of painted glass by the most noted artists in, and producers of, that commodity now practising in England. It is a useful pattern-book, but of progress it shows few symptoms; nor could it well have done so, as each exhibitor was left unfettered to send in what he liked or what he had got on hand. The intention of the show no doubt was good, but its managers ought to have secured a successful result by limiting the exhibition to the glass of some particular epoch. Next year another epoch might have been selected, and so on, till at last the glass painters, after having duly passed through the critical furnace, might at some future but not very distant season have been called on to invent.

REVIEWS.

LE PROGRES.*

WHEN a lively Frenchman writes a large volume on Progress, we may be sure that, even if he has not much to say, yet we shall at least have a store of truisms neatly put. M. About is one of those writers who are bound, in justice to their past reputation, to be always entertaining, and he succeeds in being entertaining under difficulties better than most men. The substance of his book is only unimportant to Englishmen because we have already arrived, in England, at almost every point in the several directions of Progress to which he wishes to push his own countrymen. Progress we find means, in France, the free liberty of association, the right cultivation of the land, the proper distribution of the population, the freedom of religious worship, the absence of an interfering police. All these things are excellent, but then we have got them, or, if we have not got them in so great a perfection as might be wished, we have so nearly succeeded that our success may be considered absolute when compared with the deficiencies of France. There is, therefore, not much for Englishmen to learn from the book, except that they may gather something of the actual state of France from the complaints to which M. About gives utterance; and they cannot fail to be amused at the way in which the book is written. At the same time, the perusal of this book may do something towards fixing in the minds of its readers what the value of Progress is. It has often been most justly said that even after Progress has got to its end, even after people may meet as they please and worship as they please, and after the cultivation of land is such as to do the utmost justice to the soil, and after every one may go about his business without interruption, the goal of humanity is not reached. The soul of man is not to be satisfied with the undisturbed facility of eating as much meat and sleeping as comfortably as he pleases. But, on the other hand, if we compare France with England, or with America before the civil war, we cannot doubt that the shortcomings of France, called generally the want of Progress, are real and serious shortcomings, or that the superiority of England in all that M. About calls Progress is a real superiority. There has been so much foolish talk about the nineteenth century, and the future of humanity, and the unspeakable blessings of getting on, and the marked intention of Providence to make the three per cents. of a Protestant country stand high, that those who are disgusted with this language have sometimes spoken and written as if the various things summed up under Progress were not good things in themselves. M. About's book may correct their mistake. It is a good thing that, if association can enlarge the powers of men, associations should be formed freely and easily. It is a good thing that land should be so held and so cultivated as to make it produce as much as it can. It is a good thing that a policeman should be amenable to an ordinary court of justice if he knocks a man up in the middle of the night and takes all his papers away. Progress, in short, we find means bringing France up to the level of England on the points where she now falls short, and who are we that we should deny that Progress is a very admirable thing?

It further impresses on us the greater relative importance of such a work in France than in England, when we find how much M. About is interested in his own performance. He addresses his preface to George Sand, and begins by saying that he presents

her with a volume in which he has said without rhetoric, without passion, without calculation, without flattery for those above or those below, his humble opinion on the great affairs of life. He does not know whether it is worthy to be presented to the noblest spirit of the age, but he is sure that he has offered the very best he has to offer. He has made serious efforts to concentrate his ideas in it; and those who have any curiosity to know a man too much praised by some and too much decried by others will find him in this book exactly as he really is. After this promise of an exact revelation of M. About's self in honour of George Sand, it is at first a little disappointing to find that what he has to reveal is that he holds such opinions as that much can be done profitably by associations which cannot be done by individuals, that land is farmed most advantageously where the holdings are not too small, and that a country gains nothing from having a useless array of functionaries to domineer over it. If these are the inmost thoughts of a man's heart, we should fear his outside and casual opinions are not free from the reproach of flatness. But then we must measure M. About, not by our standard, but by that of the people among whom he lives. The thoughts of M. About are not the ordinary French thoughts, although they are exactly the thoughts which the ordinary Frenchman, according to English views, ought to get into his mind. It seems simple enough to us, but in France it requires courage and reflection for a man to express a deliberate opinion that prefects are a useless nuisance, and that the division of land into small portions, which has long been supposed to be the special pride of French democracy, is a sheer mistake. We may compare the position of M. About with that of an English clergyman who prints his opinion that the Bible is not accurate in science or chronology. To those who have accepted this as a familiar truth it seems a very simple thing that a clergyman should declare it. But the clergyman in all probability lives among people who do not think this, or who think it, but conceal their thoughts, or who think that at any rate it is not for a clergyman to tell the truth; and therefore a clergyman might reasonably say, when he breaks loose from the opinions or expectations of his neighbours, that he is revealing himself as he is. M. About has only come to his opinions after much honest inquiry, and his opinions are not such as many of his neighbours are likely to accept very readily. There is surely quite enough in England to remind Englishmen that opinions are by no means sure to be accepted readily for so poor a reason as that they happen to be true.

It is no use reviewing M. About's book in detail, for it would only be to state views which are generally received in England, and to state them without that French dress which in the original makes the statement acceptable. But on one or two points M. About has something new to tell us. His opinions as to the division of land, for example, are worth studying. For here, although the practice of England is against small holdings, there is a certain amount of theory the other way. Mr. Mill has lent the authority of his name to the supposition that the land is more profitably tilled, and that the cultivator is happier and more prosperous, when the poor man is the owner of the soil. M. About denies this. The land, he says, does not produce what it ought to do, and the cultivator is always battling against the ruin that threatens to engulf him. In deference to the general opinion of his countrymen, M. About begins by saying that the French peasant has been to a certain extent civilized by becoming a proprietor, and that it was only just to abolish primogeniture. But no one, he goes on to say, foresaw the disastrous consequences which would follow in half a century. Every one has learnt to attach so much value to land that now a purchaser scarcely gets two per cent. for his money, and he has very often borrowed at ruinous rates to get the purchase-money. The soil is ruined as well as the man. It must be owned that the stubbornness of the peasant has done wonders. The unfortunate wretch counts as nothing his toil and his time; and the traveller will often find field after field where every inch looks as if it were part of a kitchen-garden. But supposing that this were carried further, and the whole of France were like a kitchen-garden, where would the manure come from? This is M. About's great thought, the fruitful source to him of his opinions about land. He cannot see his way to the manure, and still less to cows and horses and sheep. A little manure might be imported, although the supply would be very inadequate, but still there would be no meat. The Parisian, he says, pays now, in the shape of the dearness and badness of his beefsteaks and cutlets, for the division of landed property. The supply of horses is so deficient that, according to M. About, if either the Crimean or the Italian war had lasted a year longer, the French cavalry would have been without horses. What, then, is to be done? M. About says—Found a company. There is, for example, a commune where there are five hundred hectares, with an average of a hectare to each of five hundred proprietors, the hectare being worth about 200*l*. M. About would recommend them all to sell, and he thinks 250 acres should be kept for agriculture and 250 for feeding cattle and other animals, and about twenty-five persons would be enough to manage and work the whole. The remainder of the population would leave their capital in the agricultural company, or else would take it with them to some large town and engage in some kind of manufacture. The land would thus be properly cultivated, the labourers would be happy and prosperous, and the great manure difficulty would be satisfactorily settled.

The chapter in which M. About gives an account of the recent Ultramontane and clerical movement in France is also well worth attending to. He thinks the Government is to blame, but the

* *Le Progrès*. Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette. 1864.

nation is still more to blame for the deterioration in education which the Empire has witnessed. In the eyes of foreigners, he says, all Frenchmen are alike. They are all rebels and courtiers, sceptical and superstitious, intrepid and servile, half Zouaves and half lackeys. A more thorough research would show that the French nation consists of two elements perfectly distinct, and of a large mass floating between the two. There is first the churchwarden element, as M. About calls it, and then there is the Café National element. The provincial friend of the Church is a thoroughly different being from the *habitué* of the Parisian café. The churchwarden has unalterable ideas about heaven and earth, and he is quite secure in his convictions, whatever his life may be. He hates fun of any kind, and thinks it indicates a want of respect; and respectfulness, apart from any particular object of respect, is, to his mind, one of the first of virtues. He makes it a point of honour and a source of pleasure to weary himself with reading good books. He is one of a great party, and has the consciousness of being sustained by it. But he is thoroughly French, and represents not Molière and Voltaire, but those who threw stones at the bier of Molière, and had Voltaire's books burnt by the hangman. The Café National man thinks quite the opposite on every possible subject, hates priests, and has no very clear opinion about anything except the necessity of sustaining the glory of France. He is by no means inclined to be under any particular Government, and delights in voting against the official candidates. But directly there is a talk of war, he is a violent Bonapartist. Between these two extremes lies the vast bulk of the French people, and after the Revolution of 1848 the French people, being dreadfully frightened and at an utter loss what to do, threw itself into the arms of the great churchwarden party. This was done long before the *coup d'état*, and was originally very slightly connected with the present Emperor. The Minister of Public Instruction appointed in 1848 was the determined enemy of the University of France, which is the stronghold of the lay element in education. The clerical system accordingly flourished, and the consequence, as M. About says, is that every career of civil life is now being invaded by a multitude of young churchwardens who will serve the Church at every turn. The students who hooted M. Renan will soon be doctors, advocates, magistrates, and officers. So serious is this result of the evil days which followed the last revolution, that M. About thinks there is a grave risk of seeing modern ideas succumb in France. It is true that the Government is alive to the danger, and that a great part of the *bourgeoisie* is also alive. But then the Government cannot do exactly what it pleases. It cannot act independently everywhere of its own officials, and many of its officials are the allies of the priests. The time will come, however, when it may take bolder steps, and more especially may refuse to pay the ministers of any sect, and may withdraw its army from Rome. It is some comfort to M. About to think that the present minister of Public Instruction, M. Duruy, has right notions about things, and is bent on restoring the University of France and throwing the churchwardens into the shade.

DR. NEWMAN'S RELIGIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

A LOOSE and off-hand, and, we may venture to add, an unjustifiable imputation, cast on Dr. Newman by a popular writer more remarkable for vigorous writing than vigorous thought, has produced one of the most interesting works of the present literary age. Dr. Newman is one of the finest masters of language; his logical powers are almost unequalled, and, in one way or other, he has influenced the course of English thought more perhaps than any of his contemporaries. If we add to this the peculiar circumstances of his reappearance in print, the sort of mystery in which, if he has not enveloped himself, he has been shrouded of late years, the natural curiosity which has been felt as to the results on such a mind of the recent progress of controversy and speculation, and the lower interest which always attaches to autobiographies and confessions and personal reminiscences, we find an aggregate of unusual sources of interest in such a publication. Moreover, Dr. Newman was not only the guide of many strong minds, but he appears as the apologist for a change in his own religious belief. Converts, or perverts, to use an ugly if not offensive neologism, have always something to account for; and accusations of treason, insincerity, and double dealing in all great changes of opinion, whether political or religious, are so easily made, and with such difficulty met, that it requires something more than the surface improbability of interested motives in any given case to account for, and still more to justify, what vulgar minds will always brand as an act of desertion. In Dr. Newman's case the imputation of such lower motives was singularly misplaced. All that an ambitious mind could claim he had gained. He was, as far as mere intellect went, the acknowledged head of religious thought in this country. He had a following in the chief home of English education such as Oxford had never known. Be the Church of England what it may, to be the first mind in that Church, to inherit its traditions, to be its champion against all comers, to have the conviction of a special mission, not so much for infusing a new spirit into it as for recalling its ancient functions, and this under the animating conviction that he was but following in the steps of the doctors and

saints of all time—to have this to do, and to be doing it surrounded and animated by the cheers and confidence of friends, zealous, high-spirited, and self-sacrificing, and, moreover, to be doing it with a considerable amount of success—all this was certainly motive enough to keep John Henry Newman in his place. He had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by a transfer of his allegiance. The value, therefore, of the present publication is not as a vindication of the autobiographer's personal sincerity and pureness of motive—for such was not required—but rather as a curious and most interesting chapter in psychology, and, in a secondary degree, as a valuable contribution from the most trustworthy source to the inner history of the Church of England in very momentous times. The "history of the movement of 1833" has been written before; but the dry and barren facts of this and that meeting, as detailed by the stiff pen of Mr. William Palmer, have at last been invested with life, and described with the energy of a master, by the one original genius who has risen above the heavy clouds and fog of the Tractarian flats.

But, besides the broad and coarse imputation of interested purposes cast upon Dr. Newman for becoming a Roman Catholic, as though for selfish ends he had preferred the chance of a cardinal's hat to the possibility of an Anglican mitre, there remains the subtler insinuation against him that he had for years consciously accepted all Roman doctrines and principles, and only remained in the Church of England for the sake of poisoning as many minds as he could influence, and of taking over at the convenient season as many weak proselytes as he could in the meantime infect with his own dishonesty. This is a commonplace view; and while it argues vulgarity of mind in those who adopt it, it also shows both ignorance of the theological dispute and ignorance of human nature, especially if it happens to be an educated and refining nature. It is not given to the gentlemen who write in religious newspapers, or to the ordinary run of pious Christians, to understand Dr. Newman; and to say that a man is receiving Protestant pay while he is teaching Popish doctrine saves thought, and gives an opportunity for coarse-minded piety to violate the ninth commandment. A breach of charity is always dear to the religious mind, and to call your intellectual superior a hypocrite and traitor is the cheap resource of fools. Those who know the history of the Church of England must acknowledge that it is a compromise, and that all along it has been possessed by two opposite spirits. It comprehends elements which may be forced into a consistency real or apparent, but which have a *primæ facie* aspect of inconsistency. It is a mere historical fact that what is called the High Church party—a party as old as the Reformation—only exists by proclaiming this latent consistency. But the existence of a *via media* shows that on either side there must be theoretical, and that there are very likely to be practical, defections from this ideal equilibrium. If the Puritans represent one depression of the balance, there must be Romanizing, on the other hand, from the nature of the case. To say, therefore, of any order or any school in the Church of England, that it is Romanizing, is to say nothing. It is open to anybody to say that Romanizing is wrong, and that the Church of England ought to be purged of its Romanizing elements or bias; but it is not open to any person, except at a district visitors' meeting or at a pious tea-party, to say that a man is a worse Church of England man because he Romanizes than if he Puritanized. It is the boast of Canterbury that it is the half-way house between Geneva and Rome; but there must be some who are at the Alps and some who are at Calais. No doubt, from the time he began to write, and long before, Dr. Newman Romanized in every sense of the word; that is, he thought that in many things the Church of Rome cultivated and encouraged habits which were in entire accordance with his taste and his ideal of religious truth. Under these circumstances, what more natural—and, let us add, what more honest—than that Dr. Newman, while in the Church of England, should make the most of what in the Church of England fell in with these things of Rome—that he should prize them, dwell on them, exaggerate them? This is only doing what the opposite school does. It was quite as much open to Dr. Newman, or anybody else, in good faith to make the most of the sacramental element of the Church of England as it is to other people to make the most of those articles which have an obvious leaning to the Calvinistic points. And then as to the other imputation. Dr. Newman, we are told, should have gone over before. His mind had lost its convictions. A man who is drifting is an unsafe guide. Whatever he says must be said with a secret bias. He is dishonest to go on saying one thing and meaning another. Here Dr. Newman's reply is triumphant. Dull, stupid, unarguing acquiescence cannot, of course, understand what conviction really is. There is no real and certain conviction without its preliminary of doubt. Certainty is only given to second-rate minds. Thinkers must always be in more or less of flux. They ebb and flow. Conviction at one time approaches, and then recedes. At times there is an apparent clearness and definiteness in the horizon of mind or conscience, when everything stands out sharp and defined; and this is usually the precursor of a mental tempest. Then the mind reposes on the haze and softened outline of difficulties. At one moment all is precise, at another all is vague. So it was with Dr. Newman—as it has been, is, and will be with a thousand others. Religious thought is the peculiar region for this uncertainty. There is so much to be said either way. Authority can be appealed to so triumphantly on both sides. There are so many vulnerable points in the armour of every dogmatic system. Truth is so many-sided. To pause

* *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; being a Reply to a Pamphlet entitled "What then does Dr. Newman mean?" By John Henry Newman, D.D. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

at any rate is safe; to pause before making a change is the merest duty. All that Dr. Newman did was to pause. At one moment everything was plain to him; then it was not so plain; then his doubts receded; then they returned. They were dismissed only to reappear uninvoked; and when they reappeared they silenced their own appeal. No doubt there must be an end of all this; but it is by no means certain which way it will end. The chances are quite equal for either alternative getting the mastery. It may take but the merest trifle to force a man into a decision. Dr. Newman thinks that he found the hair that broke the camel's back; or rather, he found three hairs. These were (1) the Bishops' charges—and he rather accuses the Bishops of violating some compact into which they entered with him about Tract 90, but which compact we believe never existed; (2) the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric, which certainly was the most foolish thing that even episcopal stupidity could have invented; and (3) a certain passage in St. Augustine which operated on a harassed, susceptible, and fluctuating mind like a charm, or a Divine Voice, or a special interposition of some kind or other.

In giving this account of his religious history, Dr. Newman is thoroughly and implicitly to be believed. There is the stamp of truth in every word which he utters about himself. The lofty egotism, inseparable perhaps from the occasion, the severe and cautious analysis of motive, the artistic power with which he anatomizes himself and lays bare his own palpitating nerves, and the exquisitely painful pleasure with which he seriously studies his inmost soul, and asks, others into the dissecting-room where he lectures on himself, has both dignity and pathos in it. There may be those who can ridicule these confessions. We cannot. A great mind in great trials is not for the world to laugh at, perhaps not for the world to know of. But if there be any one who says that in the case of religious doubts it is a man's duty to silence them, he talks like a fool. It may be a man's duty to silence a fever, or to tell an aneurism to depart in peace; but the question is whether they will be silenced and go. A much more important consideration is raised by this interesting autobiography than its author's sincerity and good faith, about which there ought to be no question among gentlemen; and this is as to Dr. Newman's trustworthiness as a religious guide. Our estimate of the powers, of the sincerity, of the zeal, and of the earnestness of John Henry Newman is certainly not diminished by his "Apology"; but of the man we have learned much for the first time. To do the work which he has done must have required an enthusiast; to attempt the work in which he failed could only have been contemplated by a visionary. We knew the man to be an enthusiast, because only an enthusiast could have done what he has done; but what is new to us is the wild and almost childish cast of some of his enthusiasm. A scene in *Loss and Gain* might have prepared us for supposing that its writer believed in a state of things in which *diablerie* has its function; and there is much in this publication which shows that that scene had more than a dramatic purpose. There is much in what he records of himself which might seem to bring the great Doctor of Oriol down to the deplorable level of an ordinary fanatic; and were it not counteracted by an exhibition of rare keenness of thought, vigour of logic, a wonderful and intimate familiarity with human nature, and the deepest sympathy with other people's minds, as well as a vigour of vituperation which shows a proficient in the art of malediction almost equaling St. Jerome himself, we might almost be tempted to rank the apologist with Swedenborg or Wesley. From his childhood he confesses to a certain familiarity with omens, calls, visitings, and divine intimations. Unless we read a mysterious incident wrong, he thinks that a cross and rosary marked in a school-book were a Divine forecast of his future life. His earliest conviction was that of angelic intercourse, and of the nothingness of the material world. His infant Berkleyanism was followed by a conviction of his personal election to salvation and of his final perseverance and election to everlasting glory; and although he is careful to abjure the correlative doctrine of reprobation, we do not find that Dr. Newman even now refuses the doctrine, common certainly to some Roman schools as to Geneva, of unconditional election and personal conversion. From his earliest youth, therefore, he was, he thinks, a predestined instrument in the hands of God. That at the present moment he holds very distinctly the mysterious view that for all practical purposes there are only two "luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator," every page of this "Apology" shows. Indeed it is the key to Dr. Newman's life. He received a divine vocation to the celibate life as early as 1816; and his first religious tastes were towards Romaine, and Scott, and Law. When he began to systematize his views of doctrine originating in Low Church writers, directed by intercourse with the manly minds of Whately and Hawkins, invigorated by the study of Butler, and chastened by intercourse with Mr. John Keble, his sympathies were still with the Alexandrian school of Christian Platonists, and its wild dreams of the Hierarchies and Æons. This visible world is a mere shadow of some divine idea. The Everlasting and Eternal is constantly revealing himself and adding to His revelations. He employs angels to carry on the government of nature; and He influences kingdoms, and communities, and Churches by angelic ministrations. Men are visited by special calls and entrusted with special missions. Dr. Newman had formed an ideal of the Church, and it was natural that in the order of providential plan some special work should be assigned to him in it. He found his own work by pondering on what ought to be

done. From an intense survey of the round hole he found himself to be the round peg to fill it. If it had so happened that John Henry Newman and Edward Irving had ever met, there was nothing in their views—except perhaps their identity—to have prevented them working together. There is much in either which recalls the other.

There can be no question that there are certain periods in history which are pregnant with events. Thoughts are infectious. The political changes of 1830 formed the true instigation of the religious movement of 1833. The second French Revolution, the death of George IV., the Reform agitation, and Lord Grey's Ministry set everybody thinking. That the Church was in danger there could be no question; it needed not so very large a spark as those volcanic years threw up to set the tow of Newman's mind in flames. He had always believed in Milner's *Church History*, which is founded on the view that from time to time large outpourings of the Spirit were given at special epochs. The days of refreshing and revival were wanting. The time had come, and the man was not far to find. It was not in the Church of England as it was, not in its stiff literary orthodoxy narrowed to the scantest bound, not in its timid Evangelicalism cooling from its first love and waxing fat on its recent successes, to do the stern work which the world wanted. The deliverance of Israel was to be wrought by living men. The work was to be done, if not by Shamgar, the son of Anath, with an ox goad, at least by a man conscious of a call and wholly possessed with the conviction of a sacred mission. "I have a work to do in England" was the lofty expression of self-consciousness which lifted Newman from his fever-stricken couch at Palermo, and sent him "aching to get home," made him entertain "fierce thoughts," "fretted him," "Anger," "dismay," "scorn," these are the prophet's natural feelings. There was "need of a Second Reformation"; the ominous words "National Apostasy" were pronounced by Mr. Keble in the University pulpit, on the 14th of July—"a day," says Dr. Newman, "I have ever considered and kept as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

All this is the honest self-revelation of a visionary of an extremely wild type. Here was a man—of great powers doubtless, saturated with the communings of his own heart, entirely unversed in theology, with sufficient experience of recognised schools of thought only to reject here and to accept there as his taste or judgment or feelings prompted, possessed with the idea that the Church of England never had much principle, and that what little she had she had lost—hating the Church of Rome too, all the time, with the bitterness of ignorance, and firmly convinced that he had received a Divine call to make the Church of the nineteenth century strong, powerful, and holy as the Church in Pentecostal days. Visions such as these have perhaps swept through other and inferior minds, and may have founded sects—Plymouth Brethren and the like. Reformers, too, have risen in Churches, and have been more or less kept in obedience to their system. They have been allowed to found orders; Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola are instances of this type of mind under management. Luther, and La Mennais, and Wesley are instances of this type of mind too strong for systems, or at least for weak authority to subdue. It is, of course, not too much to say that, if the English Bishops had been possessed of sufficient organization or sufficient judgment, they might have retained Mr. Newman. He implies as much when he sets down the episcopal condemnation of his teaching as one of the main reasons for his conversion. He fairly admits the vastness and unpractical character of the task which he thinks was laid upon him; but he differs from other reformers in this, that he seems all along to have made due allowance for the difficulty of changing the English character and habits of viewing settled things. So far his sound judgment kept down his fanaticism; but there comes a time, for all minds, when they must act for themselves. That time comes earlier to a man whose deepest conviction is that he and his Maker are the only demonstrable realities. But the way in which Mr. Newman tried his religious standing was the way of a logician. He had found an ideal of the Church; it must answer to certain conditions, it must fulfil a certain definite type. So Dr. Newman sets out with saying that the Christian Church must be brought up to a certain ideal, and the inquiry forced itself upon him, did the Church of England answer to this ideal? Gradually he found that, in his judgment, it did not; and it was only accidentally, as it were, that the Church of Rome, and its claims to fulfil the idea, crossed the area of his experiments in ecclesiastical vivisection. Strictly speaking, he only learned his theology and his ecclesiastical history as he pursued his inquiry into the nature and constitution of his own communion; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that he never had a firm religious conviction till he made his final change. That he never thoroughly loved the Church of England he admits; that he never understood it has been often said, and not altogether untruly. His whole religious career consists in picking up bits of system, and adding to his body of doctrine, in piecing here and patching there. From the day when he subscribed to start the *Record* to the day when he submitted to the mother and mistress of all Churches, he was in a constant state of transition. He was an inquirer all his life; and in one sense he has been the apostle of free thought. It is often said that the rising school of Free Thinkers in the Church of England is due to a reaction from the excesses of Tractarianism; it is perhaps nearer the truth to say that Mr. Newman's method is the legitimate parent of open inquiry. It is an ascertainable fact that many of his disciples have adopted the other alternative of the dilemma which he was

always professing to throw in their teeth. If there is such a thing as the Church, the City of God, it must be so and so. Mr. Newman found his own Church was not so and so, and therefore set himself to find another that was. Others have said, or seemed to say, neither this Church nor that is so and so, and, therefore, there is not and never was such a thing as the Church. This process is what Mr. Newman once called a kill-or-cure remedy for doubters; and there are many whom, as it has not cured, we must suppose Dr. Newman will say that it has killed. There is a most remarkable and striking passage in p. 377 of the "Apology," which shows that with Dr. Newman the fundamental article of the being of God rests upon no other conviction than its incapability of logical proof. The world as it is "seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full." If, then, there are those to whom this inner unproved and unprovable consciousness has not been given, they may "be atheists, pantheists, or polytheists if they look out into the world only."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully, yet exactly, described in the Apostle's words—"having no hope, and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and to appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution. What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact?

What, in short, does Dr. Newman say? He says that he is as certain that there is a God as he is of his own existence, though he is utterly unable to explain the grounds of this certainty. In one case—that of his own existence—he can, we suppose, assign certain grounds of his conviction; in the other he cannot. The conviction, therefore, must be of a different nature. This view—we are not saying that it is a true view—certainly removes all moral guilt from the Atheist. All that he says is, I have not the conviction; and all that Dr. Newman can reply is, I have. Believing in the being of a God for no reason whatever, Dr. Newman goes on, by strict logical process, to believe in the Immaculate Conception and the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood. If this is the only Christianity which will save a man, it may be that Dr. Newman's method might make as many Atheists as Catholics. Not that this is his concern, for he says, p. 384:—

The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse.

If this is Dr. Newman's kill-or-cure remedy, if this is a true character of the Creator, and if this is a fair description of the "divinely appointed economy for retaining in the world a knowledge" of such a Creator, Dr. Newman's religious history forms an Apology for Atheism infinitely more mischievous than all that the Encyclopedists, or Darwinists, or believers in the new philosophy of the divinity of the Sun, have ever speculated or suggested. But, happily for the world, all this is too transcendental for common folk. They will go on believing in Christianity and Anglicanism upon grounds which they cannot express in mood and figure. As Dr. Newman cannot quite make out why he is not an atheist, so they cannot altogether satisfactorily make out why they are Christians. They only know that they are, and intend to remain, such. Dr. Newman says that he is not an atheist, because he is certain that there is a God, though he sees no reflection of him in the world. Dr. Newman will pardon us for saying that he might have said more than this, and that he believes in God upon more substantial grounds—that is, for the practical reasons upon which all choice depends. He would lose more than he could gain by denying the existence of a Creator; that is, he would find greater difficulties in disbelief in a God than that tremendous difficulty which he paints as inseparable from belief in a God. And so it is with Christianity—Anglican, Roman, Oriental, or Protestant. Men will continue to hold it much as they have received it, because they have neither the taste nor capacity for examining and changing religions. Nobody can complain of anybody for leaving any one communion and joining another. Dr. Newman has done this. He has gone through a very ordinary course, and the process itself is in no way extraordinary, though Dr. Newman has applied very extraordinary powers to the process. Books, history, reflection, logic, documents, have brought him to a certain conclusion. Inward conviction, and a bias from childhood, have been fortified by the results of external inquiry. This is what is commonly called choosing a religion by the exercise of Private Judgment, however it may be disguised. This method will make some men abandon Anglicanism, and some men abandon Romanism, and some men abandon Dissent; and nobody has any right to find fault with the nature of the process itself, though we may all be justified in expressing a judgment on a man's personal capacity for investigating controversial subjects, and on his wisdom or folly in changing his creed. But most people will go on with

accepted forms of Christianity, and the sort of reason, or lack of reason, which has been found good enough for keeping Dr. Newman from atheism will be good enough for keeping other people from Popery. They would lose more by it than they can see that they would gain.

GUY WATERMAN.*

IT has been suggested, on the highest authority, as an excuse for the occasional signs of mental obfuscation displayed by King William III. over his cups, that that Monarch really found it necessary to muddle himself more or less deeply in order to bring his great intellect down to something like a level with that of the people about him. A great deal may, indeed, be said out of compassion for those exceptionally gifted persons who feel conscious of standing intellectually a head and shoulders above the common herd, and who have to submit either to the rude vulgarity of those who gibe at a dignity of stature which they perhaps secretly envy, or, on the other hand, to the awkwardness of a perpetual stoop in order to come down nearer to the insignificant measure of their pigmy detractors. The wisest and happiest course, it might be thought, on the part of such as feel themselves to be born giants in frame or in intellect, would lie in real or feigned unconsciousness of their advantages; as the most mistaken and disastrous line certainly must be to proclaim their superiority to the world, and call out that they are doing all they can not to tread upon the little people at their feet. When the sovereign we have spoken of was most "bemused" with beer or schnaps, he was still too astute by far to be caught telling the crass and stupid islanders who failed to appreciate him in his higher moods that he studiously kept a bottle or so ahead of them, in order to render himself more equal company with their duller and heavier brains. Nor should we in general think much of the tact or prudence of a man who, while advertising an entertainment of any kind, literary or other, chose to preface it by the announcement that his audience must not expect him to put forth his highest powers, because the taste of the public was far too low and vitiated to appreciate more than his minor or second-rate style of performance. Every one sees it, indeed, to be a natural and graceful thing when a great professor condescends to deliver his Lectures to Children, and many grown-up people are grateful for the opportunity of creeping in among the juvenile herd and listening to scientific matter brought down by a truly fine mind to their rudimentary intelligence. But no lecturer, however great or popular, could hope to delight a crowded theatre or class-room if he openly undertook to talk down to his auditory as to people of inferior intellect or taste. It is rather a bold thing for an author to begin with a statement which implies that the "higher branches of literature" are thrown away upon the public. It savours too much of considerateness bordering on contempt when, starting with the assumption that those "higher branches" are wholly beyond his readers' reach, and that his best powers are not therefore going to be thrown away upon them any longer, he proceeds to the sardonic avowal that they are welcome to the sweepings of his great resources, which he flings out "with no higher literary aim than that of helping to amuse the novel-reading public." Mr. Saunders has, it appears, become conscious of his error in trying heretofore to feed the multitude with caviare. Knowing now the sort of stuff they like, he is cynically content to pander to their grosser appetites. He has come to "accept the known facts of the public taste, and make the best use of them." Time was when he could indulge in prouder visions of following up steadfastly his "true calling," and compassing his "legitimate ends." He seems to have conceived that the public are bound to watch for the dawn of a new genius, as the Egyptian priesthood watched for the rising of Sothis, and, showering upon him their offerings of frankincense and gold, to maintain him in as complacent a security from mundane toils and anxieties as a dwarfish divinity among the Aztecs, for the expansion of his intellect and the production of works of unimaginable value "in leisure and peace." But he soon "learned the mistake he had made in supposing that in the higher branches of literature a man need only produce fitting credentials to be able thenceforward to devote himself to his own work in his own way." Thus seems to have ended his first and noblest ambition, after it had "cost him many years to produce a single work—*Love's Martyrdom*—by which he would consent to be judged." He would clearly have us regard him now as writing under protest, indulging a faithless and evil generation who seek after a sign, and who refuse to take his mastery of the "higher branches of literature"—whatever these may be in his acceptance—on simple trust. He is not ashamed of avowing the cynical determination to enact a part below his own standard—playing, in a literary sense, a stately Lagardère in dwarf's clothing in a *Duke's Motto* of his own. And why, therefore, when the seal of professional confidence is already so far broken, make a fuss about his last confession that he hopes to turn a penny in the lower kind of business, though his soul hankers for a higher stage, "even if it involves temporary sacrifices of individual taste and feeling in the struggle for popularity, which to him and his means—bread"? Dick Tinto painting sign-boards to pay his tavern score is not a sadder case of *vocation contrariée*. We are referred, in the same outspoken preface, to other intermediate writings, composed with somewhat of the author's original elevation of purpose, as "studies leading, it is hoped, ultimately to some

* *Guy Waterman*. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

finished work or works." For the gift of *Guy Waterman*, however, we are to look to no higher motive than those common impulses, permanent and resistless alike in the public and the individual—*panem et circenses*, "amusement" and "bread."

Judging, as we are compelled to do, simply from the work before us, it is not easy to say what further or deeper motive could have prompted its composition; while it is at the same time but fair to admit that the writer's bargain with the public has been very adequately fulfilled. For those who are content to devour books solely for the sensation to be derived from exciting works of fiction, not many novels of the year are more fairly to be commended. The interest is made to depend almost entirely upon the extreme complication of the plot; for, with one exception, and that not the one which is intended to be the principal personage, the characters are not marked by anything very definite or original. *Guy Waterman* is himself little more than a waif or stray of society, without much to distinguish him in point of intellect, energy, or force of will. Unconscious, up to nearly the close of the story, of the mystery which hangs over his parentage, and consequently having no share in the purpose which keeps both writer and reader alive to the working of the plot, he drifts weakly and aimlessly towards the dénouement of his fate. He is throughout little more than a puppet, the slave in part of destiny, in part of the dexterous plotter who weaves around him her machinations. The whole skill and vigour of the work centre in the character of *Susanna Beck*. The daughter of a scarcely less clever schemer, the *sage femme* of the village, and depository of the gossip and scandal of *Branhape*, *Susanna* has inherited from her mother not only a tidy provision out of professional savings and casual vails, but the half-unravell'd web of suspicion which envelops the birth of *Guy Waterman*. With the legacy of this partial clue in hand, the girl has for her life's work the double object of establishing *Guy's* title to the lands and lordship of *Branhape*, and seating herself as wife and *châtelaine* upon the throne of its ancient splendours. There is something preternatural in the skill with which this feminine detective tracks each step of the mystery to the point of her triumph and catastrophe, and though it is not difficult to see from an early period that her success is in the main secured in the writer's mind, it is with no slight perplexity that the reader waits to see how each successive knot is to be untied. In the curiosity thus excited lies, of course, the stock on which a novelist of this stamp must necessarily trade for the achievement of professional success. Nor can he fairly be expected to show himself behindhand in that audacity and fertility of resources on which are built up professional triumphs in other branches of speculation. To be timid in face of the ordinary laws of probability, or scrupulous as to guarding against natural cavils at weak or impossible points in the conduct of the story, would be to forfeit all rank in that department of letters of which the present writer has for the time stooped to make himself an unwilling associate. And the critic would equally nullify his own functions were he to make it his business to sift the value of these probabilities in the spirit of an actuary weighing chances, or of a Committee of Privilege upon a peerage case. Otherwise, our further progress in the plot might be summarily interrupted on sight of the way in which it halts at the first step. The weakest link in every chain is the measure of its strength, and the weakness is especially conspicuous when the uppermost link, from which hangs all the accumulated weight of the mass, happens to be the defective one. Certainly the slightest and least adequate portion of the story here lies in what musicians would call the *motif* from which the whole composition is drawn out. That a lady not otherwise remarkable for violence of temper or bigotry of creed should fly on a sudden from husband and home, on the plea of visiting a dying sister in India, but with the inner resolve of saving her boy from being brought up a heretic by his Protestant father—of course risking all chances of detection, as well as all legal expedients of recovery—is far more unlikely, as an anomaly in morals and in common intelligence, than the physical accidents which lead to her death by shipwreck, and to the exchange of her own son for that of her nurse, *Phoebe Waterman*, whose boy has died before the ship has cleared the coast. It is a minor marvel that the children are so much alike that neither the widowed father, nor *Phoebe's* husband, nor the gossips of the village or hall have the least suspicion of the fraud, compared with the oddity that the same surprising resemblance between the foster-children should not have been so often noted before as to have itself suggested misgiving and inquiry. We think nothing of the combinations of luck—almost of natural magic—whereby times and seasons, winds and waves, even the stars in their courses, fight towards the ends of the novelist. Ships may go down with all on board when a secret has to be buried. Snow may be allowed to fall in order to reveal or to cover footsteps; secret passages may yawn in country houses at opportune crises. A horse may bring down his rider just when it is expedient that the expectant heir should be lured from his bride at the altar to kneel by his unsuspecting father's bedside, as the old squire lies prostrate with a broken limb. In a book not written expressly for the benefit of sportsmen, we should lay no severe stress upon the mere technical blunder of making the squire take his farewell run with the hounds when "the morning was bright though cold, and the ground was everywhere white with the pure untrodden snow that had fallen during the last few hours." Whether due to ignorance or to carelessness, minor trips of this kind may be passed over as comparatively venial. So, too, as regards the mere measure of what is probable or improbable. Let the combinations and permutations

of imaginary life be as free and boundless as they are in actual experience. It is not worth while to haggle over the less or more when weighing the freaks of nature against those of art. But it is to tamper more seriously with the laws of moral unity or truth when people are made to act in utter defiance of the commonest rules of thought and usage. The father's messenger receives the corpse of the changeling without a question asked as to the cause or circumstances of death, without a certificate from the captain, with no suspicion at the impassive calmness of the reputed mother and the ill-suppressed grief of the nurse, satisfied by the mere sight of the rich and elegant clothing in which the body has been laid out for committal to the deep. The dead babe is laid with befitting pomp in the tomb of the *Dalrymples*, but not an effort is made to clear up the mystery of the mother's death, beyond listening to the few loose and stammering words let drop by the guilty nurse, who, while bearing a sense of guilt that brings her to the grave, and showing signs of suffering which should provoke less curious eyes than those of *Susanna* to probe the disorder of her soul, has from the first no clearer motive than an unwillingness to be parted from her mistress's child, whom yet her preposterous affection is dooming all through to disinheritance, ignominy, and crime.

The whole moral action is thus vitiated throughout. Nor is there any set-off by way of beauty of narrative or analysis of feeling. Even the little force or tenacity which marks the best-drawn character fails her in the end. When *Susanna's* subtle plot is crowned by marriage, and her triumph breaks forth in unlikely fits of insolence, she is crushed in a moment by the mere detection of the fact that she had married *Guy* with the full knowledge of his birth, and is even made to believe that proof of this fact will set the marriage aside. It is not unnatural that, after this threat of the old squire, the sole dangerous witness, she should choke out the last remnant of the sick man's life. But when, on the strength of two faint finger-marks on the dead man's throat, she is arrested on the charge of murder, it is a sudden fall of *Susanna's* hardihood and calmness, though convenient enough to the novelist, that she disposes of herself by wildly jumping from a window sixty feet from the ground; while *Guy*, who has attempted suicide with a pistol under this accumulation of horrors, is brought round from death's door to enjoy his rights with *Lucy*, the charming cousin who has had his real love from the first. Such an unexpected upsetting of destinies is scarcely less startling than another famous *bouleversement* of parts:—

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Mr. Saunders is great at surprises. All through the book we are kept on tiptoe, scarcely breathing comfortably, in anticipation of what stroke of marvel is to come next. It may be that he has been unwittingly right in embracing as his vocation that catering for the taste of the day which he affects to view with disdain as unworthy of his "true calling." A more patient and conscientious study of the true purposes and laws of fiction might supply him with a more adequate scope for his powers in that humbler direction than he is likely to find from venturing upon those "higher branches of literature" for which nothing in the present book gives signs of any special qualification.

THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

THE period of time embraced in this volume is more remarkable for its civil than its military incidents. The grandest cycle of the wars of Rome closes with the destruction of Carthage. In overthrowing Hannibal the Commonwealth overthrew her most formidable antagonist; nor, until the *Cimbri*, the *Teutons*, and *Mithridates* came on the stage, had she again a foe who called forth her utmost powers of fortitude or valour. Peace, indeed, did not ensue because Carthage was in ashes. The people would willingly have closed the Temple of Janus, because on them pressed the burden of war; but the Senate, which reaped its rewards—the spoils of campaigns, the honours of the triumph, and land and goods in abundance—refused to comply with the popular wish for repose. Nor was peace for any length of time possible for Rome. By destroying her rival she did not enter into quiet possession of her rival's provinces. Carthage, requiring little beyond harbours and markets for her trade, appropriated little more than the coast of the lands she conquered. She maintained her influence over the tribes of the interior, both in Africa and in Europe, by subsidies to kings and chieftains, or by fomenting the common jealousies of barbarians. Spain and Northern Africa, when the Punic yoke was snapped, did not therefore come immediately under the dominion of Rome. It was not the annihilation of Carthage, but the victories of Augustus and Agrippa over the Cantabrians, that actually made Iberia a Roman province.

But the annals of Rome do not cease to be instructive because her wars are less interesting. She now enters on that era of preparation for her last great change, the transformation of the Commonwealth into the Empire. The causes, conduct, and progress of this her last revolution are fraught with instruction to all who study the seeds or phenomena of national decay. The pen dropped from Dr. Arnold's hand long before he arrived at this era of convulsion, and Mr. Merivale begins his narrative with the

* *The Decline of the Roman Republic*. By George Long. Vol. I. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.

fifth act of the momentous drama. The field accordingly is, so far as regards English historians, nearly untrudged, for Hooke and Ferguson are unsatisfactory and obsolete; and Mr. Long has selected a theme which he is in some respects well qualified to handle. Whatever work he takes in hand he does earnestly. His reading is large in amount and exact in kind, and he uses it with sincerity and without parade. We often dissent from his opinions, in the present and in other of his works; but, after some experience of them both, we can always rely on his facts and references.

Nor let this be considered faint praise. So many opinions exploded now, or still received, rest upon facts, or references to facts, misunderstood or mistated, curtailed, coloured, or otherwise shaped by preconceived theories—so much of what is called history is merely advocacy—that the confidence we repose in Mr. Long's statements is, so far as we are concerned, a strong commendation of his writings. He writes as if he were on oath. Perhaps Mr. Long will not dissent from us, perhaps he will even regard it as a tribute to his merits, if we describe him as by no means an attractive writer. Apparently, from his preface, he would resent the imputation of being one of that class. He is with his pen an austere man. *Nihil ornat quod tangit*. He is as parsimonious of ornament as Swift himself, but his parsimony is not relieved by wit or irony. He is the very Joseph Hume of historians. All and sundry he gives to understand that they have either mistaken or know next to nothing of the matter in hand, and that, if they wish to be better informed, they must either take his word or consult directly the authorities he has used. He is downright Dunstable. His yea is yea, and his nay is nay. He is rigorous in telling his readers how much can be known and how much is unknown, and must remain so. He treats them as Coriolanus treated his constituents in the market-place. He is ready to serve them if they will let him, and if he may gain their voices it is well; but he will not sue for them. His phrase is curt and peremptory, with occasional reproof to the passers-by for their facility of belief and their indifference to truth unadorned. Niebuhr and all historians who know in part and prophesy in part find small favour in his eyes. He tells them roundly that their grains of fact are out of all proportion to their bushels of conjecture. The volume now before us exhibits his peculiarities at every page. Many portions of his narrative have been treated with animation, and even eloquence, by writers ancient or modern. But Mr. Long will have none of such vanities. Writers of fiction may court the graces; orators may embroider their speeches with *purpurei panni* from Roman history. Truth needs no such aids or ornaments. Accordingly, Mr. Long has given us, in his account of the *Decline of the Roman Republic*, a very useful and a very learned book, but—we are compelled to add—a very dull one.

There is much in Mr. Long's preface well worth attention, and in some respects it is the best portion of his present work. The following remarks are valuable for historians and readers generally, and are applicable to modern as well as ancient annals:—

There are various fashions of writing ancient history. A man may take a certain period for his study, diligently examine all the authorities, and reflect on the matter long enough to see, or to think that he sees, the connexion of all parts of his subject. If he is a man of ability, he may please and instruct his readers by brilliant sketches, broad generalizations, and profound political remarks. He may produce something which at the present day would be called a philosophical history, whatever may be meant by that much abused name. But there is great danger in treating history in this way, even when a man of ability undertakes it. Love of system, desire of display, and the uncontrollable impulse to establish opinions, which in some way fix themselves in most men's minds before the evidence on which they should be founded, will often lead astray even the ablest and the most honest. It is a good ground of complaint, also, against such histories, that the facts are often very imperfectly stated, and frequently are rather alluded to than plainly told; and consequently, though the reading of such books may be very instructive to those who have a competent knowledge of ancient history, they are of little use to those who know nothing about it, and wish to learn. When this kind of philosophical history is attempted by men of small talent and great pretensions, the result is a mixture of false facts and silly declamation.

Mr. Long then proceeds to describe his own opposite and better mode of dealing with ancient history:—

It is more laborious to the writer and less attractive to the reader. The one must patiently examine facts and attempt to put them in their proper place; the other, if he would know the facts and what they mean, must follow the narrative, and share the toil, by reading carefully what the historian has written with pains. To study a history well is a work of labour.

From these maxims no one will probably dissent, but many may be disposed to ask, Is there no middle way, no mode of rendering historical facts something else than a valley of dry bones? That such blending of spirit with matter is not impossible we need no better proofs than the narratives of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Merivale, than some portions of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, or than nearly every chapter of Mr. Froude's and Mr. Helps's respective works.

We now pass from Mr. Long's theory of how history should be written and studied, and from which we dissent only so far as the form is concerned, to the subject-matter of his volume on the *Decline of the Roman Republic*. It contains a history of Rome from the destruction of Carthage to the end of the war with Jugurtha. A second volume will close with the end of the civil wars. When Augustus, twenty-nine years before the Christian era, closed the Temple of Janus, Rome had been engaged in war for a period of two centuries. War, indeed, was the necessity of her position. When she was merely an Oscean or Etruscan city, environed by Latin or Sabellian allies, it was by arms alone that she could hope

to avoid incorporation with some rival, and perhaps at the moment more powerful, State. When she had asserted and confirmed her supremacy over the Italian peninsula from the Magra to the Straights, an equal necessity lay upon her to become mistress of the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean, unless she would consent to be excluded from both upper and lower seas by the Carthaginians and the Greeks. To Rome war, in far higher measure than it has ever done to France, opened the only road to wealth; for agriculture alone, though it may feed, will not enrich a nation which possesses neither commerce nor manufactures. To have been under arms, offensive or defensive, for so many centuries is indeed properly no reproach either to the Senate or the people. Great as was the misery Rome inflicted, it was on herself that the burden of suffering in the end principally rested. Her victories and conquests enriched the capital alone, or at most a very small portion of Latium and Campania. Italy was enfeebled and impoverished by the causes that rendered Rome great. Her sons were drawn off from the cultivation of the land and the duties of home to whiten with their bones the lands of strangers, or at best to bestow as colonists the labour on alien soils which their forefathers had bestowed on the fields of the peninsula. So long as Consuls were taken from the plough, or a Dentatus "roasted turnips on his Sabine farm," the inevitable effects of war were comparatively unfelt. They were perceived as soon as Asia began to pour its wealth into the Roman treasury, or to enrich a few great houses with the gold and silver of the Antiochi. Already the house of the Scipios threatened to disturb the balance of the constitution when the fall of Carthage consummated the preponderance of some half-dozen families. From this epoch, which comprises also the scarcely less memorable destruction of Corinth, Sallust traces the commencement of that corruption which ended in the overthrow of the old Commonwealth. The Roman and Italian poor were so in a sense and to a degree scarcely conceivable at the present hour. Trade and manufacture they either disdained or were incapable of following; capital they had none, even for the meagre tillage practised by their sires; their arable lands had generally been converted into pasture, and both corn-land and meadow had for the most part passed from the hands of small owners into the hands of rich ones, lords of territory as large as had once constituted separate States, the allies or the foes of Rome. The peasant was driven into towns, and often from towns into the great reservoir of the capital. There—not from compassion, but because he was dangerous—he was poorly lodged and fed, and occasionally humoured and flattered. The price paid for the conquest of the world was the gradual extinction of the Roman people.

In the greater part of previous histories of the decline of the Commonwealth, the chapters which treat of the agrarian laws are usually the most tedious to the reader. In Mr. Long's volume they are the most animated and interesting. He slumbers over *arma virosque*, but he is not merely instructive, but in a manner lively, when he has to deal with the *agri-mensores*, and the vexed questions of ownership and occupation. His account of the public land, and of the laws pertaining to its division, possession, and cultivation, contains everything which general readers need or will care to know of the subject, and are not less remarkable for their perspicuity than for their accuracy. This portion of his present work has sometimes led us to doubt the justice of our verdict on its general dullness, and to ask ourselves whether, after all, the writer might not, if he would, vie with Arnold or Merivale. The perusal of his narrative of the Jugurthine War, however, has satisfied us that, in this, as in so many other instances, "second thoughts are not best."

The problem which the Gracchi attempted vainly to solve is very perspicuously stated by Mr. Long; and since the Sempronian laws, more than perhaps any other portion of Roman history, have been drawn into precedents for modern times, we shall dwell upon them for a few moments. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that more than one signal crisis in Europe, the first French Revolution especially, revived the memory of these unfortunate and mistaken laws, and re-awakened clamours, fears, and hopes similar to those which two thousand years ago convulsed the Roman forum and "opened the purple testament" of civil war. The Gracchi, and those who followed in their track, devised a half remedy, because they saw, or permitted themselves to see, only half the disease. They saw that between the rich minority and the pauper masses there was a deep chasm. They witnessed the depopulation of Italy, the elimination of the free labourer, and the substitution of the slave for him. They augured, and rightly, that unless these evils could be arrested the Republic must either be defended by legions composed of aliens—*colluvies gentium*—or must cease to be the occupier and conqueror of the Western world. So far their vision was clear. But they did not or would not see that the condition of Italy was a question for the Italian races no less than for Rome. They looked at it from a merely Roman point of view; and their agrarian laws, while they afforded an imperfect remedy for the sovereign nation, inflicted severe injuries on their subjects in the peninsula. The Gracchi were so eager to accomplish what they believed to be a wholesome measure that, as Appian remarks, they never even thought of the difficulties in their path. They were—unconsciously perhaps, but certainly—attempting the most dangerous of revolutions. They touched the very foundations of property and public confidence. They trimmed the balance by proposing to change the weights and to break the beam. Their agrarian reform was as pregnant with confusion as the present financial experiment of Mr. Secretary Chase. Even as regarded the Roman possessors of public land,

the project was rash. Mr. Long explains admirably the difficulty even of the most favourable side of the scheme:—

The law excited alarm among all who held public land. There was a provision in it which prevented those who should receive assignments of land from selling them; and so the possessors could not even recover what they had possessed by buying up the titles of those who had received allotments. The possessors urged that they had given value to their possessions by improved cultivation, by planting of vines and olives, and by the erection of buildings; some had bought their lands, and they would lose both the land and the purchase-money; others had their family burying-places on their estates, and had acquired by testamentary succession the lands which they held, for this public land had been dealt with just as if it were private property; some had laid out on such land the money which they had received as their wives' marriage portion. In some cases the land had been given as a marriage portion to daughters. There were also creditors who had advanced money to possessors on the security of public land.

It is not easy to understand the estimate of the Gracchi entertained by their contemporaries or by succeeding times. Cicero, whom Mr. Long justly characterizes as the most unsafe of guides for us in all that concerns his own or others' opinion on public men, applauded them when he was in opposition to the Senate, and condemned them after he became a Consul and a Conservative. The preceding extract from Mr. Long's account of the Sempronian laws will suffice to show that they grappled with insuperable difficulties, and with honest intentions paved the way for the revolution that finally engulfed the Commonwealth. That revolution, indeed, was inevitable, had the Sempronian laws never been engraved on brazen tablets. The range of its conquests, the necessity of wars of aggression for the existence of Rome, the consequent necessity of entrusting extraordinary powers to a few military commanders, the very state and privileges of proconsuls in their provinces, where for a term they reigned as kings, all tended to centralization; and the question at last narrowed itself into this simple form—Shall a Cæsar alone, or some six senatorial leaders, or a commission of three, rule the Roman world? That, principally through the genius of the first and the wise moderation of the second Cæsar, the decision was for monarchy, may be pronounced fortunate for mankind. In spite of the personal vices of many of these autocrats, the government of the Empire, as compared with that of the Senate, proved to the provinces a boon. The Senate contained many Neros and Caligulas, but it rarely, if ever, sent forth as prætor or proconsul a Trajan or a Marcus Antoninus.

Mr. Long's volume affords an excellent commentary on the Roman historians, and should be in the hands of every one who has leisure or inclination to study them. That it should be read for amusement we have already pronounced impossible, and he himself to all appearance does not greatly care for such readers. We cannot close without once more referring to the Preface. Mr. Long's observations on Machiavelli are well worth attention—far more so, in our opinion, than the brilliant but unsound appreciation of the great Florentine by Lord Macaulay. We infer that Mr. Long agrees with Hobbes in his opinion of Thucydides. For the most part we can subscribe to it, not, however, without endorsing the verdict which Mr. Hallam has passed on the merits and demerits of history written by actors or spectators of the time—to the effect that the advantage of intimacy with the causes and the course of events is frequently more than counterbalanced by the passions affecting the writers personally. Contemporary writers live too near the events they describe to forget, while instructing posterity, the wrongs they may have endured, the hopes they have foregone, the fears they have realized, the triumphs of foes or the affliction of friends. The woes of exile and the mortification of defeat are as palpably inscribed on the pages of Thucydides and Polybius as the sentiments of the republican aristocrat on those of Tacitus.

OLD PRICE'S REMAINS.*

THERE are some books which a conscientious critic may review without having read them through, especially if he mentions the fact; and *Old Price's Remains* appears to be one of them. To read through the whole of the 600 pages of which the book is composed would be not merely an act of supererogation, but of stupidity, for it would show a great want of appreciation of the character of the book. It is not meant to be read through, but belongs to that class of works which ought to be merely tasted, and which may be judged of quite as well by sample as by the bulk. It is, on the whole, as odd a book as ever was written. It is neither more nor less than a record of the tastes and humours of a veteran clergyman who has passed, as he tells us, the greater part of his life in teaching, and to whom in the course of the last year it has seemed good to publish, in twelve parts, a set of miscellaneous papers about all manner of subjects, which are connected together by the fact that all of them in some way illustrate or were suggested by one or other of his multifarious tastes or pursuits. Old Price, otherwise the Rev. John Price of Chester, was the son of a Welsh clergyman, who sent him successively to two different private schools. From the second of these he went to Shrewsbury, and from Shrewsbury to St. John's College, Cambridge, where in 1826 he was Wooden-spoon and third in the first class of the classical tripos. He was also a fellow of St. John's. He has

passed the subsequent years, mostly in teaching, at Bristol, at Liverpool, and at Birkenhead; and he now lives at Chester—in what capacity, whether as a clergyman or a schoolmaster, does not exactly appear. He has a variety of tastes. He likes natural history. He has many opinions about philology, and especially about construing the Greek Testament. He has theological opinions; in particular, he believes in the plenary verbal inspiration of the whole Bible. He likes puns, riddles, and doggerel rhymes, more or less resembling Swift's well-known productions in that kind. He has a turn for collecting marine creatures, and putting them into aquariums. He knows Welsh, which is one of his native languages, and French and German, besides Greek and Latin, and likes making verses in a medley of all these tongues. He has taught himself a certain quantity of mathematics since he left Cambridge, and has written a set of papers called *Mary's Euclid*. By putting in print pretty nearly everything suggested to him by any one of these tastes, he has made up a good thick octavo volume of 600 pages. After a good many specimens of such of these subjects as we can profess to offer any opinion upon, we have been unable to discover anything in the book that can be called either very bad or very good. The philology and natural history, as far as their substance goes, are likely to interest a very small class. In form, the papers are written—especially those which relate to natural history—in that half-frolsome vein which, for some reason or other, appears to be indispensably necessary to people who pick creeping things off the seashore, or scrape shellfish off piles for the purpose of keeping them in captivity. Perhaps the best serious article in the book, so far as our examination of it has gone, relates to a plan for doing translation exercises in various languages, of which Mr. Price is the inventor, and which certainly seems worth the attention of schoolmasters who have to teach the first elements of languages. It consists of an arrangement for translating the passage to be dealt with twice over, so as to show, first, the sense of the passage, and, next, the exact translation and position of the words. Thus, "Au lieu d'entrer dans des discussions critiques sur le mérite des auteurs modernes" would be translated, first, "Instead of entering into critical discussions on the merit of modern authors," and next, "To the place of to enter in of the discussions critical on the merit of the authors modern." By various typographical contrivances Mr. Price would convey the two translations at once. Thus, over the word "instead" he prints "to the place," and he puts 1—2 over "critical discussions," to show that in French the substantive would come first. No doubt such a plan, thoroughly carried out, though very tedious and requiring minute care, would fix the distinctions between different languages and the explanation of their idioms very firmly in the minds of young pupils. Mr. Price admits that to look over a great number of exercises done in this way would be an awful business for the unfortunate master, as no doubt it would. One great reason why so few even of those who have had a classical education read the classics in after life with much pleasure is that they do not really know what the little words, the *et*, and *que*, and *ut*, and *quod*, &c., mean. They get a general notion of the effect and result of a passage, but, for want of having been thoroughly drilled in the exact force of all the words of which it is composed, they do not know its precise meaning. Mr. Price's method would, at all events, teach those who used it fairly that the connecting words in a sentence—the prepositions, articles, and particles—have a real signification, and are not scattered by chance over the page, an error incredibly common even amongst those who suppose that they must know the classical languages after having learnt them for so many years.

As for Mr. Price's theological speculations, there is nothing very remarkable about them. He gives slightly different reasons for his opinions about the Bible from those which many other persons have long ago given for them, and he displays a certain sort of ingenuity in dealing with one or two isolated topics connected with the subject. The really important part of the controversy he never attempts to grapple with. It is fair to add that it did not lie in his way, though, on the other hand, his way is so erratic that it is hard to say what is in and what out of it. The really curious and characteristic part of *Old Price's Remains* is to be found in the general character of the book. It is surely a very odd thing that a respectable and rather elderly clergyman, who is distinguished from the rest of the world principally by his hobbies, should assume, as a matter of course, that the world at large will take sufficient interest in them to make it worth his while to publish a thick volume about himself, his pursuits, and the little everyday incidents which lead him to make Welsh and German epigrams. It is a still odder thing that he should be justified in his anticipations, and that G. R. (Gentle Reader) should buy all that O. P. (Old Price) likes to say about himself and his affairs. G. R. and O. P. appear to have gone on together month after month in considerable harmony, and with mutual satisfaction, and all because O. P. really enjoys cracking his little jokes and telling his little tales. If people like it, there is no harm in this; but it is very odd that they should like it. What is Mr. Price to me or I to him that he should count with confidence on my liking to know all about his pursuits? Yet he does so, and, as regards a considerable number of his readers, it would appear that he does so with perfect justice. Probably if a man were extremely anxious to force the sale, say of a Directory, his best course would be to begin with some account of himself, the reasons which led him to think it would be a good speculation, the uses to which he would put the profits if he got any, and other gossip of the same kind. If he

* *Old Price's Remains, Posthumous or during Life.* By John Price, M.A., Chester. London: Virtue Brothers. 1864.

had ever so little gaiety of mind, ever so faint a dash of genuine fun and humour, he could hardly fail to succeed. This taste is not exclusively English. It is very like one which, to judge from French newspapers, must be common enough in France. In a series of newspaper articles which he republished not long ago, a very popular journalist commenced his operations by giving his readers a particular account of the incidents of his past life and of his present habits and prospects. He felt, he said, that this would put him and them at their ease, and that, when that had been effected, they might carry on their little friendly chat to their joint satisfaction. How is it that some men are able and willing to do such things and give pleasure by it, whilst to others they appear exposures as unwarrantable and improper as any other kind of indecency? What do the men who thus take their fellow-creatures into their confidence, and what do men who shut themselves up in their anonymousness, and as far as possible deprive their writings of any approach to personality, mean to imply by their respective lines of conduct?

There is no doubt something amiable in the appeal which the confidential man makes to the charity and good faith of his neighbours. He says in substance, "You may laugh at me if you like, you may trample on me, but though I do not know you, and never shall even know who you are, I care for your opinion and want your sympathy. I should like to make you laugh, I want you to attach some definite notion to my name and my works; I want to be a pleasant, cheerful companion, without stiffness or solemnity." The other man, on the contrary, simply makes an observation for what it is worth, and makes it in such a way that no one knows or cares why, or by whom, or under what circumstances, it came to be made. If it be admitted that, of these two ways of proceeding, the first is the more amiable, it must also be added that the second is altogether unobjectionable, and that it is not liable, as the first is, to fall into the most odious of all affectations. For once in a way the first may be pardonable, if it is carefully watched; but for a man who writes much, the second style is almost indispensable. The O. P. and G. R. style of writing is bearable for a little time, but Old Price has gone about as far as a man can go in that direction without being affected and wearisome. There is nothing, after all, that wears like the humdrum style of composition, and experience shows that what is stigmatized as stiffness is much more often a substantial security for good sense and respectful manners.

THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD IN ART.*

WE do not know whether any of our critical writers have described the curious advance in the history of art which the present century has witnessed. When we compare the materials accessible to the connoisseurs of Reynolds's time, for example, with those which—beginning, indeed, in England with his admirable Lectures—have been brought together by Italian, French, German, and English industry, we can understand the great increase in popular understanding of the subject. And, at the same time, an excuse may be found for that strange indifference to early art which marks most men of taste in the eighteenth century, and renders the travels and letters of that age so disappointing to us, who know how many fine works and important links in the history existed then which have been since swept away by ecclesiastical revolutions, or by the Vandal wars of heroes like Frederick and Napoleon. The vast enlargement and foundation of national museums has been at once the fruit and the seed of the endless treatises of art produced within the last fifty years; whilst such exhibitions as those of Manchester or Kensington in 1857 and 1862 are proofs how widely a legitimate interest has spread. Nor, as is well known, does the vote of the other day on the National Gallery express any slackening of the national sympathies in this matter.

We are inclined to put the series of books planned, and in its earlier portions executed, by Mrs. Jameson, upon the list of the most valuable of the purely English contributions to a study which incontestably is one of a high and civilizing character. Although showing considerable research (and this often employed upon not very inviting materials), her books on the cycle of Christian art appear to us to derive their greatest value not so much from depth of investigation as from the interest which they afford to intelligent readers, especially when they find themselves face to face with some foreign gallery, or before some vast cathedral—Wells, or Rheims, or Ferrara—peopled with innumerable figures, and no assistance but the meagre local guidebook. Then we mostly feel, by a sense of utter ignorance, how curiously ancient art has reached an inverse position. These "books of the uninstructed," as Augustine calls them, have become grotesque enigmas, mere blank bewilderments, not only to us, but, generally speaking, to the natives who see them daily. It is to Rio and Ruskin, Lord Lindsay and Kugler, Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, that we have to go for the "libri idiotarum" which are to explain the explanations of early faith to the civilized traveller of the nineteenth century. And those who have been wise enough not to set forth on their journey without such a due amount of study as shall have rendered them able to enjoy it may, in turn, have one little moment of agreeable and not unwholesome pride, and give back to the in-

habitants of the French or Italian town the clue to the mysteries in stone or colour of which the course of centuries has inevitably, but irrevocably, deprived them.

We do not know of any books which accomplish these agreeable purposes better than the series now completed. Leaving matters belonging to the history of the painters or the technical qualities of their art to other works, they form exactly such handbooks to the churches and galleries of Europe as may serve to render them agreeable to visitors of average information. In the former portion of the series, Mrs. Jameson described the strange undergrowth which legend has collected about the lives of the historical saints, with those imaginative creations which were developed beside them by the childlike mental activity of the middle ages, and have, in some cases, found their way, as phantomatic objects for devotion, into the Calendar of the Latin Church. These legends, sometimes poetical and often picturesque, have an interest both in themselves and through the splendour or the simplicity of the art which at once embodied or created them. Perhaps it would be hardly less interesting to compare them with their nearest parallels in mythology—the legends of the Hellenic races. The moral and practical elements, if we may so term them, would be found on the side of the Latino-Teutonic myths; the cosmological, natural, or poetical, on the side of the primitive system which they displaced. But we cannot do more here than indicate this curious and fascinating investigation. The portion of Mrs. Jameson's scheme which fell, as a legacy of friendship, to Lady Eastlake is, however, undoubtedly the most interesting to general readers. The earthly course of our Saviour—with the scenes and persons from the Old Testament in which the ancient world found analogies, more or less well-founded, to His life—although not altogether free from legendary accretions, yet moves, in the main, through a strictly historical path. The subjects which are successively treated have also the vast advantage of familiarity to the reader. He is not here perplexed by endeavouring to discriminate between the proper emblems of Bridget and Petronilla, or to follow the process by which Venus and Amor reappear—naturally enough, in France, and yet, we are afraid, but half-Christianized—in Sicily and S. Amador. The group of art, lastly, which is collected about the illustration of the Life of Christ is incomparably the largest, the oldest, and the most splendid in creations of genius. We can hardly remember a Scripture subject that does not receive some novel and interesting illustration from these two volumes; and they may also lend a new interest to the often wearisome labour of sight-seeing by leading us in the direction of new discoveries in the myriad varieties of treatment struck out during the sixteen centuries of Christian art. Lady Eastlake's handling of this wide and fruitful theme appears to us equal to its exigencies. Like her friend, she writes with spirit, grace, and feeling; her English may fairly claim a place amongst characteristic specimens of good female style. A discriminating, if not always an impartial, taste appears in the judgments on the more important pictures which are scattered through the treatise—which, we may add, is clearly arranged and beautifully illustrated. This is a far better gift-book than most of those which appear under the title.

Having given the work its due praise, let us here, before passing to a brief notice of its contents, remark on one or two points which appear to us open to correction. It is of course difficult to comprise all of even the main details in a scheme so comprehensive; yet we think that a larger space might be given to two schools near the beginning and close of religious art—the Greek and the Venetian. There is, we are convinced, no portion of modern history (using *modern* in its only real sense) so valuable and so grossly misunderstood as that of the Byzantine Government. The very use of that absurd and misleading phrase "The Lower Empire" is an example of this misconception. Now we have every reason to believe that all the leading types in Christian art were invented and fixed by the Greek Churches. This is in strict accordance with that most weighty fact to which unbiassed and first-hand historical study inevitably leads us, that the Latin race, in every respect radically inferior to the Hellenic, received from the latter all the successive elements of its civilization. Theology, and art with theology, is here not less indebted to the genius of Hellas than Morality and Law, idly claimed for the boastful Latin by *Roma mendax*. Even the few specimens from Byzantine art engraved in the volumes before us are enough to prove how singularly it had inherited no petty portion of the transcendent skill of Athens and Rhodes and Ionia. There is nothing of early work in Western Europe which can stand beside the two subjects from the Life of David engraved on pages 204 and 212 (Vol. I.), whether in dramatic power or in the significance and beauty of the treatment. In the allegorical figures which, like the Chorus in an Athenian play, here reflect and support the main action, we see the originals of that idea which Michel Angelo, like a half-blinded Titan in art, attempted to carry out in his Sistine ceiling—admirably described, by the way, in the volumes before us. These designs seem to give a glimpse into an almost unknown and most important province of art. In its later stages, we would call attention to the singular inventiveness with which the Venetians, and especially Tintoret, reanimated what was elsewhere falling into Academical conventionality and Renaissance ornamentalism. Tintoret, at least, was amongst the very few creative minds who belong to religious art; but that small class, although more valuable than hundreds of followers, has never yet, we think, received satisfactory treatment from critics and historians.

Our extract from the Introduction defines the ground traversed in the work. After noticing certain of those inevitable limitations

* *The History of our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art.* By Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

under which art in general, and religious art in particular, performs its task, the writer sums up thus:—

We must, in the task that is before us, keep in mind that the object of Christian art is the instruction and edification of ourselves, not any abstract and impossible unity of ideas that cannot be joined together. Early art never loses sight of this instinct. Pictures, as we have said, were the "books of the simple." The first condition, therefore, was that the books should be easily read.

Having thus seen certain moral excellences appertaining to early Christian art—its faithful adherence to Scripture, and its true instinct as to its duty—we shall be the more justified in bringing it largely before the reader in a research intended to define the true standards of religious modes of representation. It is not only that from these simple and nameless artists have descended those Scriptural types and traditions which constitute the science of Christian art, but that in them we find the subject, and not the art, the chief aim of their labours. Art was for many centuries, where not affected by classic influences, too undeveloped to allow its votary to expand and disport himself in the conscious exercise of mechanical skill. He therefore suited his art, such as it was, to his subject; later painters may be said to have done the reverse. The transition from the one to the other, considered in a general way, is a curious scale, beginning with moral and ending with physical indications. Thus reverence is seen first, endowing scenes devoid of almost every other quality with a pious propriety which, if not art, is its best foundation. Then came a certain stereotyped dignity of forms, descended from Byzantine tradition; to this followed expression of feeling and dramatic action, as with Duccio and Giotto; next, the true variety of the human countenance, as with Fra Angelico; and then all these qualities together, heightened by greater skill in each, as with the great *quattro-centisti* of Florence, Padua, and Venice. These found their height of culmination in Leonardo da Vinci, and partially in Raffaele, who threw down the last barriers of difficulty between a painter's hand and mind, and in whom, therefore, subject and art may be said to have had equal part. From this time commence the triumphs of art proper—the glories of colour, the feats of anatomical skill, the charms of chiaroscuro, and the revels of free-handling; all claiming to be admired for themselves, all requiring the subject to bend to their individualities. Here, therefore, there is little to say, however much to delight in. This is art alone—as much as, in another sense, the Dutch school is art alone—taking its forms from elevated or from homely nature, and accordingly producing works before which, to use a too familiar phrase, the mouth of the connoisseur waters, but, with very few exceptions, the eye of feeling remains dry.

Nothing is more curious than to trace in these volumes what one might call the natural development of religious art. The subjects chosen, and the treatment of them, vary from age to age, not by arbitrary laws, nor even much under the influence of single artists of genius, but through the gradual changes of Christian sentiment. We will give our remaining space to the chronology of the most important. "Until perhaps the seventh or eighth century we see no Crucifixions, Entombments, or Resurrections, and also no Ascensions." In the earliest art (mainly represented by the Roman catacombs), we may generally say that a symbolical treatment prevails; and it is specially noticeable that no repugnance was then shown to the use of many motives belonging to the religion which Christianity was supplanting. Even the first figures of Christ, if we put aside some very dubious heads of uncertain date, hardly have an individual character. We see him as a youth of fair countenance, bearing the typical Lamb, receiving the baptism of the Spirit, working those miracles which directly ministered to human relief, glorified on the Mount of Transfiguration, or coming in triumph to open the reign of the Saints. The life of Christ rather than the death, the love rather than the sacrifice, the King more than the Judge—under such aspects He appears to have been dwelt on most fondly by the primitive Church. The relation borne by this bias in art to the tone of early theological writing is obvious. The Old Testament analogies follow the same direction. Adam and Eve after the Fall (typical of human need of redemption), the story of Abel (typical of the death, which was not yet represented directly), Noah and the Ark, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the history of Joseph, Moses and the Burning Bush, the Red Sea, the Striking of the Rock, the Giving of the Law, David and Goliath, Job, David and the Three Children—the bearing and intention of these early subjects is written in their names. A splendid ancient design of the Resurrection is given in one of Mr. Poynter's delicate and spirited etchings. In general, however, the primitive art, with a reverent reserve, declined to render the later events of the Saviour's life by direct representation. Even the figure of the Cross is not extant in Proto-Christian work; whilst the full dramatic treatment of the scenes from the Passion, first popular about the thirteenth century, must be connected with that outburst of religious revival which followed the close of the first decade of Christian centuries, and at once caused, and was sustained by, the great religious orders founded about that time. The "Judgment," again, belongs to the same period, and is one of the once-celebrated "Quatuor Novissima," which then became a favourite, a popular—we might perhaps add, an abused—topic of clerical teaching.

We have here only glanced at this very curious subject, nor have we space to do more than notice some of the other points of similar interest handled in these volumes. Such are the list of sensuous and theatrical subjects belonging to the Renaissance time, and, we may add, strikingly confirmatory of those criticisms on the tendencies of that period, by Mr. Ruskin, which gave such deep offence to our Italian or Eclectic school of connoisseurs and picture-collectors. Such, also, are the subjects which, as Lady Eastlake has occasionally pointed out, have been strangely omitted from ordinary treatment, although well adapted for religious art. And such, lastly, are the decisively modern themes or modes of treatment which men like Delaroche abroad, or Holman Hunt in England, have touched with extraordinary success, and which appear to indicate to many observers that the career of religious art—so far from being

exhausted by the early schools, or confined for successful rendering to members of the Latin Church—is open to all thoughtfully-minded Christian artists, and will be found by them to afford a field in which nothing has been so handled as to be exclusively valid for all time, whilst much of the highest significance yet awaits its interpreter. It is not too much to hope that the writers who, two centuries hence, may perhaps take up the subject will rather wonder at the poverty of idea and want of religious breadth and tenderness with which the ancient masters (amongst whom some of our contemporaries may then be numbered) worked, than lament the unattainable merits of the days gone by; for the course of Christian art cannot but be coextensive with Christianity. But these "are things proper," in Aristotle's phrase, "for another kind of investigation."

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH STURGE.*

THIS is a large, and we are obliged to say a dull, work. Six hundred and twenty octavo pages employed about the life of a man whose early years were contemporaneous with the French revolutionary war, who lived in one of the two centres of middle-class activity for the greater part of his life, and who took a prominent part in all the political and philanthropic movements of his time from the Anti-slavery agitation to the days of Peace Conferences, might have been expected to produce something more likely to live than this ponderous tombstone. Here and there a few sentences attain the style, and seem to be modelled on recollections, of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, but the great bulk of the volume is a dead level of occurrences—we do not say events, for that kind of writing implies a breadth and many-sidedness both in writer and subject which are almost wholly wanting here—but simply occurrences. We have a mere external narrative of things that came to pass, ending with five-and-twenty funeral stanzas by an American Quaker of the name of Whittier, about what happened one rainy morning—

By lone Edgbaston's side—

(Edgbaston being, presumably, some romantic and out-of-way mountain), and with an appendix of some twenty pages of "testimonials to character," extracted from the resolutions of Town Councils, Peace and Temperance Societies, provincial and American newspapers, and the like.

Now, with our recollections of Mrs. Fry, Sir F. Buxton, and half a dozen others, we cannot attribute the heaviness of this volume to the Quaker element in it. Nor, with Watt and Stephenson before us, can we put it down to the fact that Mr. Sturge was at any given period of his life a *homo unius sententie*—had just one thing before him at once, and went at it with a pounding sledge-hammer solidity which is perhaps fatal to much variety of detail, and ebb and flow of life. There is something unpicturesque, no doubt, in the notion of writing the chronicles of a cornfactor; but very life-like books have been written out of much less promising materials. Of the biographer we know nothing beyond what he tells us—that he is, or was, the Secretary of the Peace Society; but either Mr. Sturge must have been a very commonplace man, or his biographer is one—whether naturally or by necessity, we have no means of knowing. In any case, it is tantalizing to compare, at almost any conjuncture, the much that might have been made known of the thought and inner life of the man with the little that the reader learns after so long an experiment on his patience. What he does learn, also, here and there—as e.g. about the Russian expedition of Mr. Sturge and his colleagues—comes out almost involuntarily. We are aware that Mr. Sturge destroyed his letters to his sister, and with them, no doubt, much of just the sort of detail that we should have wished to keep; but the whole mental and ethical man can hardly have evaporated in letters to his sister. Can it be that a good deal remains unsaid? that Sydney Smith's description of a Quaker, as a person who uses the second person in conversation but takes care of the first in practice, has an uncomfortable amount of truth in it? and that the interior life of a cornfactor—at all events in the days of sliding-scales and "jumps"—was not entirely one of unrelieved philanthropy? From whatever cause the mistake may have arisen, we venture to guess that the real life of Joseph Sturge was both more amusing and more instructive than this hecatomb to the proprieties that has been made of his remains.

Joseph Sturge was born in a pleasant, old-fashioned manor-house at Elberton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1793, of a family whose Quakerism dates almost, if not quite, from the earliest days of the Society. His early youth was mainly spent with an indulgent grandfather, who allowed him pretty nearly to run wild as to literary education, though with due care about all essentials. A pleasant anecdote is told of his early power of repartee:—

When about six years old he was on a visit to a friend of his mother at Frenchay, near Bristol. Sauntering about one day, he came near the house of an eccentric old man, belonging to the Society of Friends, who, among other troubles of life, was sorely annoyed by the depredations of a neighbour's pigs. Half in jest and half in earnest, perhaps, he told Joseph to drive the pigs into a pond close by. The boy, delighted with the fun, went to work with a will. But presently a woman, the owner of the pigs, rushed out of an adjoining house with a broom in her hand, which she flourished in great

* *Memoirs of Joseph Sturge.* By Henry Richard. London: S. W. Partridge; A. W. Bennett. 1864.

wrath over his head. The tempter, who was still standing by, in order to cover his own share in the transaction, shook his head at the little culprit, and said gravely—

"Ah! Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The child looked up at him indignantly, and said, "Thee be'st Satan, then, for thee told me to do it."

The story is by no means a bad one. We quote it, however, chiefly because it is about the only one in the volume, except a mention of his schoolboy resolution never to fight, which he kept, characteristically enough, by "closing with his antagonist now and then, and throwing him on the ground." We have some difficulty in believing that no more are forthcoming about the hero of them, if they might only be told.

When Joseph grew up, with little book-learning but much self-reliance, he forsook ancestral agriculture and became a corn-factor at Bewdley. The most interesting passage of the book, by far, is the account of his early struggles, his untiring activity, his rare self-command and self-denial, and the ardour with which he embraced the tenets of his persuasion, and wrought them out into energetic practice. Conscience, we all know, is a somewhat elastic commodity, and we have no means of ascertaining the domain over which a corn-factor's conscience in those days extended; but, within its range, Joseph Sturge may be safely put down as a thoroughly conscientious man. No call of business ever interfered with First Day and its duties. He was, for long, the mainstay of his family. His labourers and servants of all kinds were thoroughly, and even affectionately, cared for. In the earlier part of his business life, when some losses befel him, he lived on 100*l.* a year for three years in succession, denying himself a dinner not unfrequently that he might be able to help the poor round him. At a very early period he gave up the trade in malt, from Temperance scruples; at a later, even that in barley itself, at a loss of many thousands; and he steadily fought against the love of money even when it seemed spontaneously to grow upon his hands. There are very few men whose conscience has been to them so expensive a piece of property as it was to Joseph Sturge.

And yet, somehow, after he emerges into public life, we lose sight of all the best part of him. He was philanthropic, of course. The word exactly expresses what the character wants, as well as what it possesses. He was unsparing of his own exertions, equally of course; he was a man of consummate prudence, and he did not shrink from doing unpopular things. In truth, a certain jealousy of being supposed to do anything because other people did it was almost a fault in him. Self-assertion, in some respects, made the man in him; in other and perhaps higher respects, it spoiled him. The man who, at large cost, devoted a piece of valuable ground to the recreations of his neighbours could not have been other than kindly-hearted; and yet on almost every occasion, from oratorios to excursion-trains, popular amusements found an opponent in him. One would almost say his speciality was to exhibit, on a large scale, philanthropy without love, generosity without geniality.

Whether it was that the years of his life in which a man's character is formed were those in which Slavery had to be overthrown and Reform to be carried, or that his mind was cast a good deal in the mould of Mr. Bright's, it is certain that Mr. Sturge's philanthropies took, for the most part, a somewhat pugilistic shape. He never knocked anybody down with his fist, on principle, but a good many people and institutions at every turn kept unluckily running against his elbow. His benevolences even were not unfrequently thinly-disguised battles. His love for the slave was considerable, but it took rather too visibly the form of hatred to the planter. His Temperance movements were not invariably temperate, and his advocacy of an extended suffrage was unpleasantly tinged with a jealousy of the middle-classes, who thrice—at Nottingham, Birmingham, and Leeds—refused to make him an M.P. The Peace-fighting we pass over as a matter of course. Peace-mongers seem, by some odd fatality, to become pugnacious *ipso facto*. Now, however valorous all this Quixotic windmill-work may be, it is certainly not favourable to the growth of the finer elements of character. People's minds become leavened, under this coarse process, with something that is too nearly akin to brawling self-will. They do not mean it, we all know; their private letters and confessions roar very like sucking doves all the while, and do so with perfect honesty; they have the fullest belief in their own intrinsic meekness. But the fact is so notwithstanding, and we fear we must say that the Joseph Sturge of 1830 was a considerably more amiable person than the Joseph Sturge of a quarter of a century later. His last public acts were the mission on which he and two others sent themselves to convert the Emperor of Russia from coveting his neighbour's house at Constantinople, his errand to Finland to pick up scandal against the English navy, and his energetic reprobation of Sir James Brooke's repression of the poor injured Malay free-traders whom the world persisted in denominating pirates. Necessary acts, very possibly, but they are hardly a happy conclusion to the life of a philanthropist.

The Russian mission was in many respects the most remarkable, though perhaps the silliest, act of his life. The odd affinity between autocracy and democracy is an old story. The true explanation of it probably is that of Aristotle—*πολις τοις αριστοις*; aristocracy, in its true sense, is the equal enemy of both. In this particular instance, the interchange of compliments between the queer colleagues was supremely rich. Count Nesselrode was quite a convert, to all appearance. So was the Emperor; he said he was

only interfering about religious matters, and in accordance with treaties, and was very much surprised at the way people had misconstrued him:—

"I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled if Turkey had not been induced by other parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view—that I was aiming at conquest, aggrandizement, and the ruin of Turkey. I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now as solemnly disclaim, every such motive. I do not desire war. I abhor it as sincerely as you do. . . . I will not attack, and shall only act in self-defence. . . ."

And "the Empress said to us, 'I have just seen the Emperor; the tears were in his eyes.'"

What Sir H. Seymour might have to say to this, we do not pretend to conjecture. People who know human nature can entirely believe in the Emperor's sincerity, notwithstanding what appear to bystanders to be impossibilities in the way of the belief. Joseph Sturge, who never could take in more than one notion at once, and sometimes not the whole of that, was entirely filled with the notion of his own success. He had conquered a peace all to himself—at least he would have done so, but for the iniquity of the rest of the world. Once before he had settled the Schleswig-Holstein question for good and all, only "the diplomatists interfered." And now, here were the Emperor and all his men of war, lions and lambs lying down together all as pleasant as a tea-party, and as peaceful as a Quaker meeting; only one frosty morning "the English mail had come in" and all was blighted. There is a delicious flavour about this pleasant little bit of self-complacency. It almost redeems the overgrown octavo.

On one subsidiary matter we must beg to call Joseph Sturge, or his biographer, rather gravely to account. In 1856, some two years after the events had happened, Mr. Sturge's "attention was engaged" by an account received, "through an English mercantile house" (the name of which is unfortunately not given), of certain acts of violence said to have been committed at Uleaborg in the course of the expedition up the Gulf of Bothnia. It is stated that, notwithstanding the Admiral's promise not to molest or injure private persons or their property—

about two o'clock in the morning of June 2 the English were let loose, and soon thirteen vessels were in flames, besides seven ship-building yards, with all the materials, the houses, mast-warehouses, smithies, &c.; tar depôts with about 15,000 barrels of tar—

in short, material enough to build a fleet. Thus far we believe the charge to be strictly true. Such materials it has always been considered a duty to destroy, and no Admiral in his senses would have left them in the hands of an enemy, even had the Lords of the Admiralty been Quakers to a man. But, adds the biographer, who seems not quite willing to trust the Uleaborg merchants to make the most of their own case:—

This, though bad, was not the worst. Not only were merchant ships found in various commercial ports, and vast stores of timber and corn, &c. consigned to the flames, but the small possessions of the humblest classes were either destroyed or seized and carried away without payment. The poor fisherman's boat and nets, the small farmer's sheep and cattle, and even the scanty furniture and clothing in the peasant's cottage did not escape the depredations of British sailors and soldiers. . . . It is but fair to say that this conduct was by no means universal on the part of Her Majesty's ships visiting the shores. The Commanders on certain parts of the coast behaved in a generous and honourable manner, doing no damage to private property and taking nothing without compensation. It was understood, moreover, that both Admiral Dundas and Admiral Napier strongly disapproved of the system of wanton conflagration and pillage adopted or permitted by some of their officers. . . . We forbear to mention the names of individual officers who distinguished themselves in this ignoble warfare.

Now, no doubt Mr. Sturge and his friends had a long catalogue of oppressions presented to them when (two years after the events in question, as we said above) they proceeded to Finland with pockets full of money to reimburse the victims. Most people on a similar errand could find any amount of evidence, to establish any amount of depredation, in any place whatever. But, gravely doubting whether Mr. Henry Richard is justified, on such evidence, in casting obloquy on the memory of Admiral Plumridge, who commanded the Uleaborg expedition, and on the British navy, we have been at some pains to inquire into the facts, not from persons who took Mr. Sturge's peculiar mode of collecting evidence, but from persons who were present—and some of them in stations of command—on the occasion referred to. And we beg leave to give the most unqualified contradiction to Mr. Richard's twaddle about "the small possessions of the humblest classes, fishermen's boats, farmers' sheep, cottagers' furniture," and all the rest of it; though of course the astute Finlanders of the classes in question made out stupendous lists of losses of every conceivable sort, and laughed considerably at Mr. Sturge when they got "consoled" by him and his friends. Nothing was destroyed except munitions of war, and nothing whatever was plundered. If ever men adhered scrupulously to the letter and spirit of their instructions on this head, they were our officers and men in the Russian war. We make Mr. Richard a present of a couple of facts for future use. One is, that the inhabitants of Uleaborg had scuttled their ships on the approach of our fleet—the bearing of which fact on the usages of naval warfare this writer probably does not understand; and the other, that these poor plundered natives brought off several boat-loads of provisions to their inhuman persecutors on their departure, which the latter refused to "plunder" because the prices asked were so outrageously extortionate. We may add, that the ships engaged in the Uleaborg expedition were the *Valorous*, the *Odin*, the *Leopard*, and the *Vulture*; and we request, or require, to be told who the officers are whom this Mr. Henry

Richard "forbears to mention." And here we leave this singularly silly episode. By the way, why are peace-mongers, like policemen, never to be found when they are wanted? A peace or two, just at present, would be worth a good deal. Some surviving Sturges might really reappear in Schleswig-Holstein or at Washington with very decided advantage to the world.

And here also we must leave good Joseph Sturge. He has fallen upon an unfortunate biographer, or we cannot help thinking that so many elements of good would have produced something more noble than the turgid commonplace of this big book. There was something really great about him, and really hearty, though the essential conditions of his life made him into what we must call a sturdy prig, and the accidental ones into something too nearly resembling a stump-orator. It is a world of disguises, and few are more depressing than that which turned the Joseph Sturge of early life into the *caput mortuum* of a Mr. Henry Richard's dissection.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.*

THE reputation of Sir Thomas Browne is founded on his *Religio Medici* and *Enquiry into Vulgar Errors*, and also on some tracts, the most remarkable of which are entitled *Hydriataphia*, or *Urn Burial*, and the *Garden of Cyrus*. If nothing but his *Vulgar Errors* had been handed down to us, we might have numbered him among the useless possessors of vast and various learning, who wasted ingenuity and patience upon subjects of little interest and of no real value. But the higher gifts of style which he displays, the majesty and harmony of his language, the nobility of his sentiments, the depth and power of his imagination, and the far-stretched grandeur of his speculative fancy are so forcibly exhibited throughout the *Religio Medici*, in one or two fine passages of the *Garden of Cyrus*, and in the peroration of his treatise on *Urn Burial*, that we must place him among the most brilliant writers of English prose. He forms an epoch in the history of our literature; for so great was his reputation in his lifetime, and so widely was his *Religio Medici* studied, that we cannot but believe he exercised a weighty influence upon the authors of that period. Literary fame is proverbially capricious, and the fate of Sir Thomas Browne's writings is a good instance of its caprice. After being translated into Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, after being pirated and printed for a curious English public, and after receiving a studied panegyric and a written commentary from Sir Kenelm Digby, the *Religio Medici* passed for nearly two centuries into oblivion, and was only rescued from the place where all things are forgotten, and restored to its right station among the classics of our literature, by the eloquent pens of Hazlitt, Coleridge, and their contemporaries of the *Retrospective Review*. In truth, the writings of Sir Thomas Browne can never become very widely popular. He deals with quaint and unfamiliar things; he propounds riddles which no *Œdipus* could answer; he ponders oftentimes on trivial and curious questions, investing them with a dignity and splendour not their own. His noblest passages lie wedged like lumps of gold in masses of hard barren quartz; and the contemplations which call forth his finest fancy are such as few would care to dwell upon. Wrecks of forgotten fables, antediluvian mysteries, names sculptured on the pyramids, or nameless urns consigned by hands unknown to unfamiliar soil, the influences of the stars, the occult qualities of herbs, interpretations of unmeaning dreams, fine disputations on theology, conjectures of the soul's state before birth and after death—everything, in short, that is vague, impalpable, and full of mystery he loves to brood upon. Round these subjects his thought eddies like a deep and turbid stream; he spins long sentence after sentence, and interweaves magnificent period with period, returning ever to the point whence he started, and dyeing all the threads of his harmonious style in the dim and shadowy colours which the thought supplies. We might fancy, as we close one of these laborious treatises, that we had been wandering in dreams through the mazes of a labyrinth, left there without a clue, puzzled by endless variety of detail amid unvarying monotony of general effect, and only at the end released by the sudden dissolution of the vision and our consequent return into the world of facts.

There is a curious discrepancy between those remote topics upon which Sir Thomas Browne loved to dwell, and the facts of his own busy life and of the stirring times in which he passed it. While England was torn with the conflicts of the civil wars, he was writing in his study about Pharaoh, or about the song the Sirens sang, or the name which Achilles assumed among the king's daughters of Scyros. Still these deep and visionary cogitations did not distract his attention from the pleasures and ambitions of the world. As a young man, he had travelled in all parts of Europe. He often talks with pride of these travels and of the experience which they had brought him, although the results of his observations are nowhere to be found in his pages. Montaigne, to whom he has been superficially compared, would, from the diary and sketch-book of so various a tour, have amused the world with all the humours he had seen *en route*. But Sir Thomas Browne is silent with respect to men and manners. Strange plants, and beasts, and prodigies he treasures up, but nothing could be more remote from commonplace humanity than the phantoms which people the realm of his imagination. Again, though he drove a good practice as a doctor in his native town of Norwich, and as physician at the Court of Charles II., and though

he amassed a large fortune by his professional success, his books display an implicit faith in charms, astrology, and medicines made from mummies. And, as if to complete the anomaly between his life and writings, after eloquently declaiming against the "vulgar and trivial" necessity of marriage, he espoused a wife who brought him ten children. Similar contradictions may be traced throughout Sir Thomas Browne's life and works. He is a mixture of the boldest scepticism and the most puerile credulity. But his scepticism is only the prelude to confessions of exalted faith, and his credulity the result of profound reflections on the mysteries of life and revelation. The following passage from the *Religio Medici* may be quoted as an illustration of his peculiar habit of mind:—

As for these wingy mysteries in divinity and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the pia-mater of mine; methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism and the rule of reason; I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that old resolution I learned from Tertullian, *certum est quia impossibile est*. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion.

Nothing short of an entire and impenetrable mystery will please him. He goes on to thank God that he was not born in the days of miracles, for then his faith would have been an easy and common thing. His one regret is that he did not live long before the days of Moses and of Christ, and he envies the earliest dreamers of the world, for "they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith who lived before His coming, who upon obscure prophecies and mystical types could raise a belief and expect apparent impossibilities." It is the same desire to fly away from the palpable and real to vague and immaterial creatures of the intellect which makes him give no other reason for his contempt of relics than that their antiquity is not vast enough. Mere age cannot perplex his fancy, which loves to lose itself in the enigmas of eternity. Yet, because around the past there clings a shadowy veil of unreality, he loves to carry upward all his cogitations to the beginning of the world. Methuselah is a name often on his lips, and the extreme age of an opinion seems to him to be a warrant for its truth. His brain was like a crucible for reducing vast learning and various experience to the most abstruse and imaginary mysteries. The world he thought of was the world of his own mind; the other globe he used at times as a plaything. When he contemplates death, he does not dwell upon its terror or its calm, but records his "abject conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements." The gorgeous tombs and sculptured urns of princes make him cry in scorn that "to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration." When he casts his eye backward over years gone by, he sighs because "it is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs." Between the world of facts and the world of dreams he sees no difference, except perhaps that sleeping is more real than waking. "There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be an emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul." In measuring himself, he takes the universe for his standard:—"The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly or celestial part within us. . . . That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any." In short, to quote the words of Hazlitt, Sir T. Browne "seemed to be of opinion that the only business of life was to think, and that the proper object of speculation was, by darkening knowledge, to breed more speculation, and find no end in wondering mazes lost." Dr. Johnson, not being able to understand this abstract quality of mind, wonders how it was possible for Browne to talk so much about himself and yet to tell us nothing, and is particularly puzzled by his calling his uneventful life "a miracle of thirty years." The illustrations we have given will make it clear that if Sir Thomas Browne had not conceived his life to be a miracle he would not have much cared for it, and that the definite facts which Johnson, in his capacity of biographer, required were such as the abstruse philosopher contemned.

These observations are more distinctly applicable to the writings of Sir Thomas Browne which we have already cited. Doubts have been raised concerning the authenticity of the *Christian Morals*; but these, arising chiefly from internal evidence, are set at rest by a letter of one of Sir Thomas Browne's daughters, Mrs. Littleton, who expressly mentions this treatise as "the last work of our honoured and learned father," and also by the testimony of John Jeffery, Archdeacon of Norwich, who examined the original manuscript. It consists of a long series of maxims upon self-management, written according to no apparent scheme, full of abstruse allusions and daring paradoxes, and exhibiting many of its author's peculiarities of style and thought, but, on the whole, disappointing the reader in comparison with his more imaginative writings. His learning here seems too often to degenerate into pedantry, his antitheses into fanciful conceits, his rhetorical fulness into prolixity, his weighty sentiments into tedious commonplace, and his choice language into far-fetched periphrases. What Coleridge styles his hyperlativism is exaggerated to an almost ludicrous extent. He uses crude unaltered Latin words like "compagne," "confinium," and "angustias." He talks of "vivacious abominations" and "longerous

* *Christian Morals*. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knt., M.D. London: Rivingtons. 1863.

generations," and recommends a moderate caution in the following portentous sentence — "move circumspectly, not meticulously, and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solicitous." Such hyperbolic expressions have the appearance of some caricature of the style in which *Religio Medici* is written. We might fancy that the *Christian Morals* were the work of a clever imitator rather than the mature production of so truly eloquent a man. Still we find many things in this work that are in all points worthy of their author. Nothing could be more noble in their sentiment or more solemn in their expression than the following sentences, gathered at random:—

Be substantially great in thyself and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven.

Rest not in an ovation but a triumph over thy passions.

Let not the sun in Capricorn go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in ashes.

The world which took but six days to make is like to take six thousand to make out.

The vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves.

The voice of prophecies is like that of whispering places; they who are near hear nothing; those at the farthest extremity will know all.

Futurity still shortens, and time present sucks in time to come.

The reprint of *Christian Morals* which we have before us contains a portrait of Sir Thomas Browne, and his life written by Dr. Johnson. It is the only reproduction of the treatise, as far as we are acquainted, which is accompanied by no other work of the same author. This may be reckoned an advantage, for the *Christian Morals* stand alone among the writings of Sir Thomas Browne. That they have not hitherto been very popular may be gathered from the fact that Jeffery's edition of 1716, Dr. Johnson's of 1756, Mr. Wilkin's of 1835, and Mr. Peace's of 1844 have alone preceded this, which is the most complete and elegant of all.

THE ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS.*

THIS is the second volume of M. Maury's history of the French Academies of the old régime, the first having embraced the history of the old *Académie des Sciences*. The more popular *Académie Française* has found other chroniclers in MM. D'Olivet and Pellisson. If they have accomplished their task in the spirit of M. Maury, the whole collection will form a valuable compendium of the records of the three great official branches of literary culture in monarchical France during the century before the Revolution, the flood of which swept over these, among the other State institutions, to rise again at its ebb transformed and fused into the *Institut*.

The *Académie des Inscriptions* is one of many instances, to be found in everyday life as well as in history, of an institution which was fated to perform a very different function, and to develop itself into a very different body, from its original scheme. Louis XIV., when he created it at the suggestion of Colbert in 1663, thought of nothing less than of establishing a learned corporation for the encouragement of general historical research. As in most other transactions of his life, his main object was his own glorification. The Academy of Inscriptions was simply a Commission of four members, nominated out of the French Academy, charged specially, and at first exclusively, with the duty of furnishing inscriptions and devices for medals, statues, or other monuments intended to commemorate the exploits of the Great Monarch. Besides giving their own learning and ingenuity to the task of numismatic and lapidary composition, these four Academicians were before long employed as a Committee of taste in the selection of designs for the tapestries and ornamentation of Versailles, and in drawing up the official records of any State solemnities or festivals which took place there. It was only incidentally, and from the personal interest taken by Colbert in literary and historical antiquities, that the leisure and attention of "the Little Academy," as this Commission was nicknamed, were turned to the use of desultory classical or antiquarian discussion (in which the Minister himself was wont to take a part), or of anything not directly redounding to the splendour of Louis and his Court. The statues, the fountains, the planting of the gardens of Versailles, the furnishing of the state apartments, were all subjected to the revising and improving eyes of the Little Academy. It was instructed to publish illustrated plans of the various royal residences, as well as of the fortresses taken in war during the King's reign. The dramatists who wrote the *librettos*, and the composers who furnished the music, of the Court operas, were alike bound to consult the Little Academy both as to the main scheme of the performance and its minutest details, in order that everything might be done decently and in order. When we read in the *Mémoires* of Dangeau that the King inspected the new orangery, "qu'il trouva d'une magnificence admirable," and ordered the statue of Bernini set up therein to be destroyed, we may feel pretty sure (though Dangeau does not say so) that the Little Academy had, in the course of its duty, been in the orangery before its royal master. In point of fact, the official functions of the Academy of Inscriptions included the responsibilities of an edile, a laureate, a censor, and a court chamberlain. It was brought into being in order that the trumpet of *Ludovicus Rex* might be blown over the world loudly and in good tune. The fifty volumes of laborious and ingenious inquiry in every conceivable direction of antiquarian interest which form its record show that good angels presided over its birth, and

endowed it with gifts and an historical destiny equally beyond the first conception of its royal founder. It was not till 1701 that a new set of regulations approved by Louis XIV. widened the sphere and attributes, at the same time that they enlarged greatly the numbers, of the Academy of Inscriptions. The new rules recited that the Academy was generally charged with doing everything which could contribute to the perfection of the historical monuments that might be the subject of its deliberations:—

"Et comme la connaissance de l'antiquité grecque et latine et des auteurs de ces deux langues est ce qui dispose le mieux à réussir dans ce genre de travaux, les académiciens se proposeront tout ce que renferme cette espèce d'érudition, comme un des objets les plus dignes de leur application." Under the latitude given by such directions, the relative value of the means rehearsed and the end proposed naturally led the Academy to make the nominally accessory study of classical antiquity and literature its main and essential occupation. After the death of Louis XIV. its description was changed by the Regent Orleans by the substitution of "des inscriptions et belles-lettres" for "des inscriptions et médailles." Its old duty, however, of composing the medallions inscriptions for the royal mint, was unremittingly performed, and after the close of the Regency, the secretary of the Academy presented to Louis XV. the whole record of his great grandfather's reign stamped in the series of contemporary medals.

Among the names of working and honorary members of this Academy from its earliest days are many of familiar celebrity. We find in it poets like Boileau, Racine, Quinault, and Corneille; historians like Vertot and Rollin; Galland, the translator of the *Arabian Nights*, Dacier, D'Anville, Freret, Barthelemy; and, among the earlier honorary members, "the inevitable" (as M. Maury calls him) Père la Chaise—not entitled, indeed, to the position as a man of learning, but a convenient and orthodox medium between the Academy and the King. The regulations of 1701 permitted the selection of four foreigners as associates, but the wars of Louis XIV.'s reign almost nullified this permission till after his death. In the Regency, some associates were chosen among the scholars of Holland and Italy. It is curious, but intelligible, that, during the whole existence of the old Academy, Lord Chesterfield should have been the single associate taken from England. Among later familiar French names, we find those of Turgot, Lomenie de Brienne, Maurepas, Lamoignon de Malesherbes, and Sylvain Bailly. Decorated with the same badge of brotherhood in the pursuit of historical science, what wide varieties of work and of fortune the history of their own time found for them all!

The record of the Academy's transactions shows that miscellaneous and versatile activity which, though on a first glance it may appear purposeless and desultory, necessarily characterizes the proceedings of any society following out so wide a range of study. Sometimes it is a question of literary taste which the Academy wishes in vain dogmatically to settle, and which every classical reader will have to settle for himself through all ages, in spite of the most learned Academies; for instance, *Virgile valait-il Homère?* Sometimes the debate is on the origin of glass, or the state of some industrial art, the forging of metals, or the working of silk, among the Romans; or some topic of more abstruse and hypothetical antiquity, such as the meaning of the name *Byrsa* given to the citadel of Carthage, or the historical existence and date of the kings of Edom. There are many cases in which later accessions of knowledge tell us at once that it was impossible for the Academy of the eighteenth century to go right except by guess, and difficult for it to guess rightly. Yet not the less are the scholars of this age bound to honour those whose errors preceded their own higher accuracy, as long as those errors were committed in the sincere and laborious pursuit of truth. Philological knowledge mounts by the stepping-stone of its dead self to higher things; and although it necessarily kicks down the ladder by which it has risen, there is no reason that it should do so in a spirit of contempt. It is better to be patient with apparently narrow stupidity, or even with rash dogmatism, in our precursors in classical learning, than to glory in a state of advanced scepticism which believes in nothing at all of the knowledge which has been painfully won. There is every reason to respect the honest spirit of inquiry which could afford to waste time and erudition on the construction of a passage in Strabo which had been misinterpreted into an argument that the ancients were acquainted with the mechanism and use of the telescope.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century, when its numbers were enlarged, and still more from the times of the Regent Orleans, the Little Academy appears to have been characterized by a greater liberty of thought, and a more tolerant temper in matters of religious dogma, than were to be found in its larger and elder sister, the *Académie Française*. It comprised among its members many abbés and Benedictine monks, but they were learned abbés and Benedictines. Though a tolerant body, it was also an essentially conservative one. The social habits and studious life of the majority of those composing it, the tendencies and method of its pursuits and investigations, all guaranteed its maintenance of this character. To such a body the light manner and the free cynicism of Voltaire and the encyclopedists were violently distasteful. Devoted to the laborious tracing of details until they had built up an edifice of historically consolidated fact, they could not endure to see every question in the universe treated as capable of being settled on *deux mots* upon general principles. Even those whose individual turn of mind led them into speculations less consistent with the dogmatic orthodoxy of the time were restrained by the cautious decencies of an academic manner. Till the Committee of Public

* *L'Ancienne Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*. Par L. F. Alfred Maury, &c. &c. Paris: 1864.

Safety swept it away, the Academy of Inscriptions never forgot that it was a Government institution. One of the methods adopted to restrict its discussions to the paths of official discretion had been the creation of a class of pensions to be granted to such Academicians as had never overstepped in thought the bounds which Church and State had laid down for them. The malicious wit of unpaid freethinkers among the French public called these pensions given to staid, elderly men, *le prix de sagesse*. It was not by the repression or the toleration of speculative liberality in a body like the Academy of Inscriptions that the system of the French monarchy was to stand or fall.

It is curious to see, in following the details of the later history of this Academy, how it was, so to speak, in the Revolution but not of the Revolution—acted upon by the progress of public events over the world and public opinion in France, but still in a strange contrast of decorous quiet with the whirl of passion which was going on around. In 1789, the Academy which had been founded by Louis XIV. received with high honours the Minister of the free United States of America, Thomas Jefferson. He requested the learned body to be kind enough to compose the inscription for a medal to be struck by the Congress at Philadelphia in honour of three officers who had fallen in the War of American Independence. M. Maury does not say whether the Academy undertook this officious task, or had leisure to fulfil it. The first interruption of the regular meetings of the Society was on the 10th of August, 1792. The Swiss were shot down, the victims of September massacred, the army of Brunswick thrown back by Dumouriez over the frontier, and the National Convention installed; and on the 13th of October the Academy resumed its sittings, as if the atmosphere in which it had lived had never changed. Essays were read that day upon the life of the Emperor Adrian, the works of Aristophanes, the dyes and colours used by the ancients, and the history of Calais. While the King's trial was going on in the Convention (of which three Academicians, Camus, Dussaulx, and Dupuis, were members), the Academy was discussing the analogies of the Greek and German languages. The day after Louis XVI. was guillotined, Bréquigny read his paper on the proposed marriages of Queen Elizabeth of England with the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon. In April, when the gage of battle flung down at the feet of the coalised Kings had been eagerly taken up, and Dumouriez had just fled for his life from his own national battalions, the Academy was listening to an erudite memoir on the closing of the gates of the Temple of Janus. It survived the Girondins, Marat, and Charlotte Corday, and on the 2nd of August, 1793, sat for the last time in learned debate upon the Amphictyonic Council. The Academy became "suspect," and many of its distinguished members—Baillly, D'Ormesson, De Malesherbes, L'Averdy, and others—perished in prison or on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror. Those who survived were incorporated into one or another section of the *Institut* in October, 1795.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—Mr. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT, on Monday Evening, June 27. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2s. Balcony, 1s. Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

HERR JOACHIM'S LAST APPEARANCE at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, at Mr. Sims Reeves's Benefit, on Monday Evening, June 27, when he will play *Ernest* (celebrated "Eagle" for Violin Solo, &c.—Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Admission, 1s.)—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—Joachim and Hallé at the Director's Matinee, Tuesday, June 28, to commence at Three o'clock. Grand Sextet (entire), Beethoven's *Andante* and Scherzo, Quartet, Mendelssohn's *Kreutzer* Sonata, Beethoven's Grand Sextet, Piano, &c. Hummel's Pianoforte Solos and Vocal Music. Members are required to present their Tickets. Visitors can pay at the Hall, or procure Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, at Cramer & Wood; 3; Chappell; 3; Oliver; 3; and Ashdown & Parry's. J. ELLA, Director.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD, Messrs. Benedict, Osborne and Lindsay Sloper, will perform Mr. Sloper's Concerto for Two Pianofortes, at his Second Performance of *FLANCOFF'S MUSIC* (varied by Vocal Music), at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Afternoon, June 29, commencing at Half-past Two o'clock. Madame Lechetska, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Joachim will also appear. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.—Tickets may be had of all Musicians, and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SIMS REEVES, Giuglini, Santley, Gardoni, Arabella Goddard, Trebelli, &c.—Mr. DESMOND RYAN'S Grand Evening Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, July 1, at which all the most distinguished Artists in London will appear, in addition to the most eminent Vocalists of Her Majesty's Theatre, by the kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq. Vocalists—Madame Harries Wippen, Francis Liebhart, Madlle. Florence Lancelotti, Miss Florence de Courcy, Madlle. Enquist, Miss Wheatley, Madlle. de Georgi, Madlle. Viorini, Miss Susanna Cole, and Madlle. Trebelli; Signor Giuglini, Signor Bettini, Herr Reichardt, Signor Gardoni, Mons. Gaudier, Herr Santley, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Lotto. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Signor Handegger, Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. W. Carter, M. Emilie Berger, Mr. M. W. Bate, and Signor Arditi. To commence at Eight o'clock.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s. To be had at Austin's Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of all the principal Musicians.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day, Saturday, June 25.—Great Combined Fête. Great ROSE SHOW of the Season. Doors open at Ten. New Picture Gallery, &c. Rose show from Twelve till Six. Military and Orchestral Bands at Intervals. Display of Great Fountains at Three. Great Musical Performance. Five Hundred Performers on Handel's Orchestra, from Four till Half-past Five o'clock. Great Organ Performance and Promenade.—Admission by Payment at Doors of the Palace. Five Shillings; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Season Tickets at the Entrances.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE PAINTERS' COMPANY'S EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE AND IMITATIVE PAINTING will CLOSE on THURSDAY NEXT. Admission gratis, at their Hall, 9 Little Trinity Lane, Cannon Street West, E.C., from Nine to Seven daily. By Order, F. G. TOMLINS, Clerk.

MR. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF INDIA, THIBET, and CAMBODIA, at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

ON VIEW, the PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, painted from Actual Sittings by Mr. G. H. Thomas, who was present at the Ceremony by gracious Command of Her Majesty the Queen; at the German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY is now Open from Ten till Six, at the Gallery, 48 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST TICKETS for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringham Street, King's Cross, Gower Street, and Portland Road Stations, to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL; namely, Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c., Teignmouth, Torquay, Tynemouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance.

Also WEYMOUTH and the Channel Islands. NORTH WALES: Llanquelin Rhy, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c. Also to the ISLE of MAN, via Liverpool. SOUTH WALES: Neath, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c. TICKETS will also be issued for CIRCUIT AIR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES. BUXTON, MALVERN, and the tour of the Valley of the Wye, &c. THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT: Windermere, Ulverston, Conistone, Furness Abbey, Penrith, &c.

Lakes of Killarney, &c. Programmes, containing Fares and full Particulars, may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices. Paddington, June 1864. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

MALVERN PROPRIETARY COLLEGE COMPANY, Limited.

President and Visitor. The Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER.

Head Master. The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., Fellow, and late Tutor, of New College, Oxford.

The Council hereby give Notice that the Malvern College will be opened for the reception of Pupils on Wednesday, January 25, 1865, with an efficient Staff of Masters.

The internal Regulations of the College will be under the Sole Management of the Head Master, and full information regarding the same may be obtained by addressing him at New College, Oxford.

Applications for Shares to be made to the Secretary, HENRY ABRAMSON, Esq., Orwell Lodge, Malvern, from whom also any further information may be obtained.

Malvern, June 13, 1864.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, Lampeter.—In accordance with a recent Order in Council, the Course of Instruction at this College has been enlarged and extended so as to comprise not only Classics and Mathematics, but English Literature, History, Modern Languages, and the Natural and Moral Sciences.

The College, therefore, will provide in future for the Education not only of Theological Students, but of all persons preparing for any of the Liberal Professions, or for the Civil Service or other Examinations.

About £500 will now be given away every year in Scholarships and Exhibitions, which are open to Competition, and vary in value from £10 to £50 per annum.

There are Three Terms in the Year, at the beginning of any of which Students are admitted. The next Term commences September 23.

The whole necessary expense for Tuition, Rooms, Commons, and other College items, does not exceed £42 per annum.

The College has, by Charter, the power of conferring the Degree of B.D.

FRANCE.—Saint-Germain-en-Laye School, authorized by Special Decree of the Superior Council for Public Instruction. Principal—Professor BRANDET, Ph. Dr., Member of the Paris University. Saint-Germain-en-Laye School (École spéciale de Saint-Germain-en-Laye) offers to a limited number of English and German BOYS the facility of learning French in France without interrupting the studies required for their own Universities.

There are Three Divisions for the Army, the Navy, Home and India Civil Services, and the Universities. Fee in the First Division (Boys under Fifteen years of age), £40; in the Second Division (above that age), £100 per annum.—For further particulars apply, by letters prepaid, to the Principal, 89 Rue de Poissy, Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris.

SCHOOL FRIGATE "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—BOYS intended for Officers in the Merchant Service or Royal Navy can now be Entered for the Session commencing 1st August next.

For Forms and Particulars apply to the Secretary, B. J. THOMSON, 22 Brown's Buildings, Liverpool.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION, and B.A. Oxford and Cambridge Local Civil Service Examinations, &c.—The Rev. WILLIAM KIRKUS, L.L.B., receives a FEW PUPILS to Board and Educate, or to Prepare for Public Examinations.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. W. KIRKUS, St. Thomas's Square, Hackney, London.

EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES in a PRIVATE FAMILY.—A Lady, resident within a few minutes' walk of Kensington Gardens (a situation particularly suited for Children from India), is desirous of receiving two or three YOUNG LADIES to educate with her own daughters. Terms, Sixty Guineas per annum, including English, French, Drawing, Piano and Singing.—Address, E. S. J., Mann Nephew, 30 Cornhill, E.C.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

MILITARY PREPARATION for PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, under a Cambridge Graduate, in Honours; a Resident Professor of Admissions. Members in force. Particularly successful.—Most satisfactory references obtained by applying to PRINCIPAL, 7 Kensington Road, Lee, Kent.

BOGNOR.—A Clergyman (M.A. Cant.), who has taken a Capital House at Bognor for July and August, wishes for PUPILS, Boys or "Men."—Rev. W. A. H., 5 Rock Buildings.

A CAMBRIDGE M.A., who took high Honours in 1856, and is now Master in a Public School, would be glad to meet with a few PUPILS to go with him to the North for about Six Weeks, from July 27. Undergraduates preparing for the Little-goat the Poll, Army Pupils, or Boys from the Upper Forms of the Public Schools are what he desires. He means Work.—For particulars apply to Rev. M. A., care of Davies & Co., Advertising Agents, 1 Ingh Lane, Cornhill.

READING-PARTY in the LONG VACATION.—Two Graduates, one of Oxford and Master in a Public School, the other of Berlin and a well-known Professor of Modern Languages in London, both experienced in Travel and Tuition, intend forming a READING-PARTY in the Harz or Styria, for Six Weeks from the end of the Term, at either residence, address O. F., Union, Oxford; or care of Messrs. Macmillan, London and Cambridge.

TO TUTORS, SCHOOLMASTERS, &c.—The Advertiser purposes forming a BOTANICAL READING PARTY, on the Welsh Coast, for Five or Six Weeks, commencing July 4.—For particulars apply to Rev. G. HAZZARD, M.A., F.R.S., Hampton Lucy, Warwick.

A PRIEST of Ten Years' Experience, who has been for the last Seven Years and a half in Sole Charge of a Country Parish, desires to meet with another SOLE CHURCH, or a CURACY where he could have the use of a House.—Address, Rev. WM. ELLIOT, Chetwynd Rectory, Newport, Shropshire.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—Wanted to Purchase, a SHARE in a well-established WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. Conservative Politics.—Address, H. E. G., 27 Downshire Hill, Hampstead.

TO AUTHORS.—Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN are now prepared to Receive and Examine MANUSCRIPTS, with a view to their Publication, either on Commission or otherwise.—Address, CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

QUEEN'S UNITED SERVICE CLUB (late New United Service Club).—The Name of the New United Service Club has been changed to that of the Queen's United Service Club from this date, and the Committee are able to announce that very satisfactory arrangements have been made with Messrs. T. H. Mather & Co. for its future conduct, the particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary, on application, by letter or otherwise, to 16 Regent Street.

June 1, 1864. F. TODD, Secretary.

FREE CHURCH COMMITTEES.—The late grievous Peril to the Common Right of the English People to Free Parish Churches, and the extent to which the Church Building Acts have already undermined the Fundamental Principle of the Parochial system, that the Parish Church is for the Free Use of all the Parishioners alike, require the utmost exertion, before the next Session of Parliament, in organizing Committees for restoring and maintaining Freedom of Public Worship in every Town and Parish.

Tracts, Placards, Forms of Petition, Resolutions of Vestry, Collecting Books, and every instrument necessary for the purpose, may be obtained from the Secretary, on application, by letter or otherwise, to 16 Regent Street.

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